Jaworski's Obligation *The Editors*

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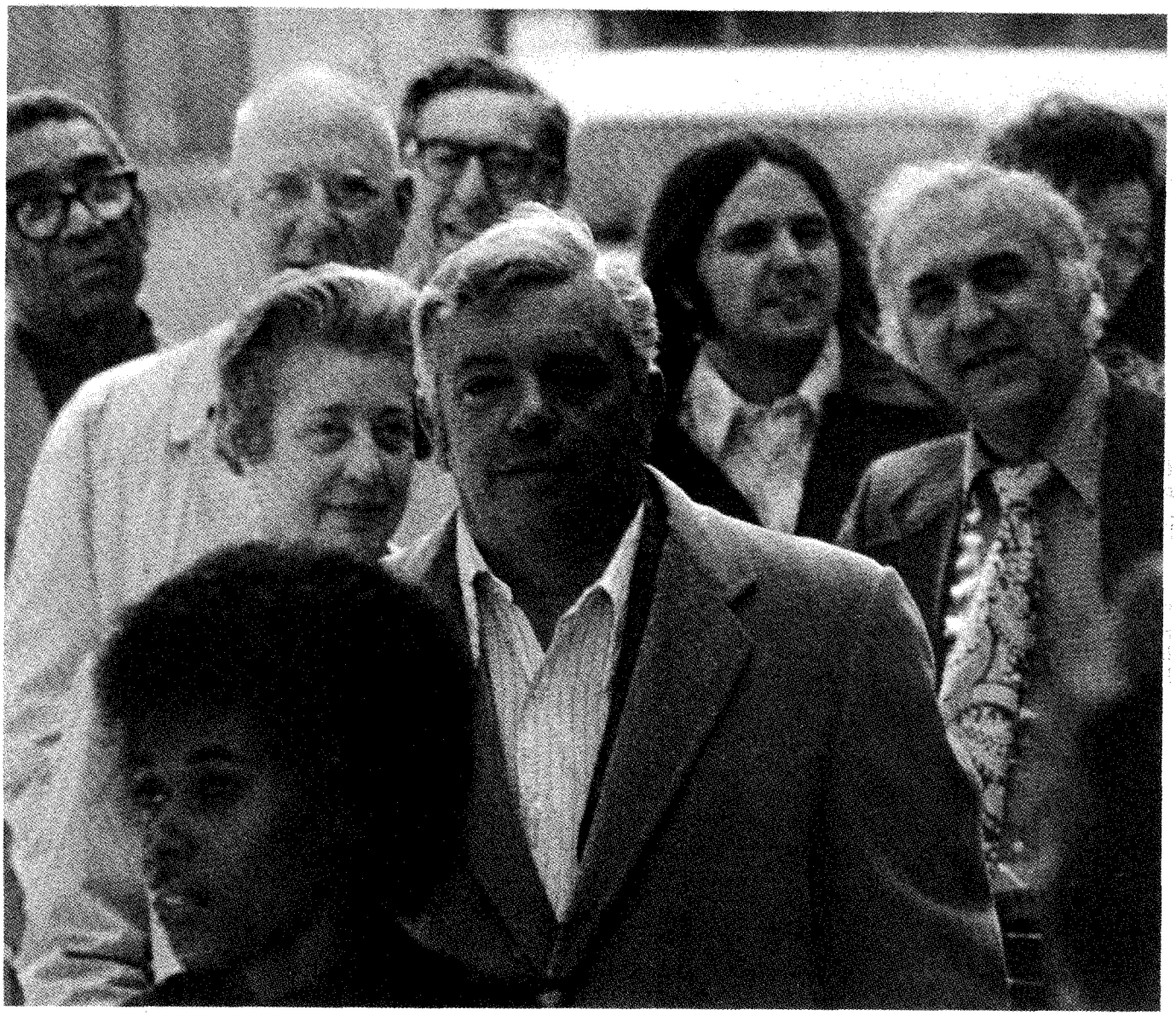

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TRB

from Washington
September 14, 1974

Salving the Wounds

Not a day goes by, it seems, when we don't see another example of the ravages of inflation. Ten years ago Richard Nixon would have been given 50 bucks and a hand-me-down suit before being allowed to hit the street after the crimes he committed. Instead, today, if Congress goes along with President Ford's request, the first President driven out of office in disgrace will get a cool $850,000 between now and next June 30 to take care of his pension, his phone bills, his travel, his staff, office furnishings and, why not, his defense lawyers, his back taxes, and his mortgage payments.

Of this amount $450,000 is for "transition" expenses over the first six months of his private citizenship to ease the switch from being the most powerful man in "the free world," as he liked to put it, to being just another American voter. The total doesn't include the cost of continued Secret Service protection, nor the cost of running his office at the Coast Guard station outside San Clemente, nor use of the facilities at San Clemente and Key Biscayne for which he has already soaked the American taxpayers for $17 million. According to Arthur Sampson, head of the General Services Administration, it probably would cost more now to remove federally purchased facilities at the two Nixon estates than to leave them there.

What the hell, one may reasonably ask, is going on here? Defenders of the biggest burglary since Watergate may say that Nixon is not getting any more than any outgoing President is entitled to under the Presidential Transition and Former Presidents' Acts; not any more than Lyndon Johnson got when he completed his term in January 1969. But wait a minute. For all the peace demonstrators' accusations that Johnson was a criminal for his conduct of the Vietnam war, no articles of impeachment were ever voted against him by a bipartisan committee of the House of Representatives. He completed his term and went off to his ranch on the Pedernales with a modicum of honor and public respect. Nixon, by contrast, jumped as he was being pushed, dissembling all the way out the door with the transparent hogwash that he was resigning because he no longer had "a political base" in Congress on which to build a program. The world knows he quit before he was fired for attempting to obstruct justice, which he admitted, and for other high crimes and misdemeanors, concerning which the House Judiciary Committee had chapter and verse ready to throw at him.

If special Watergate prosecutor Leon Jaworski needs any additional reason to pursue criminal indictments against Nixon, the $850,000 ripoff ought to do it. Grand jury indictments and conviction would not of themselves deny the disgraced President this final involuntary act of the taxpayers: generosity (the way impeachment and Senate conviction would have). But they might give Congress cause to think twice about approving the boondoggle—or even cause it to consider amending the enabling legislation, written in anticipation of Presidents' leaving office for honorable reasons.

The Transition Act of 1963 looked to the orderly phasing out of one completed term and the phasing in of the next. It was intended to enable the departing President to tie up loose ends, including the preparation of his presidential papers for historical purposes. Who can have any confidence now, after all the finagling with the Nixon White House tapes, that taxpayers' money given to Nixon during the six-month transition period will be used to chronicle and make available all relevant data on his role in Watergate? It's more likely that the people's money will go to support Nixon's preparations for writing his memoirs, his own inevitably self-serving version of what happened. We already have reports that his asking price to publishers is a cool two million dollars. One would imagine that an advance like that would enable the author to pay for his own researchers and typists, instead of having you and me pick up the tab.

Of all the Nixon excesses, we suspect the one that gets to the public most is the money business: the underdeclaration of income, the attempt to hold up the Treasury through the donation of Nixon's vice-presidential papers, the lavish spending of public funds on the two presidential hideaways. And now nearly a million dollars to help him adjust to life as a private citizen. What next?

While Jaworski deliberates on whether to seek indictments against Nixon, the new President has made it pretty clear that whatever happens, he stands ready at the end of the road to give his old boss absolution and a pardon. In his first press conference, Ford said Jaworski "has an obligation to take whatever action he sees fit in conformity with his oath of office." But the President, through some mysterious method of reading public opinion, announced that the American people shared the view of Nelson Rockefeller and himself that Nixon should be left in peace. A generous and magnanimous man, our new President. He apparently is willing to give Richard Nixon unconditional amnesty for subverting the political system as no other President has done, but is only willing to let the draft resisters and deserters of the most unpopular and immoral war in American history return home provided they "work their way back" with some kind of alternative public service. There must be a moral in there someplace.

There remains also the disposition of the Nixon presidential papers and tapes. In their last major act before leaving the White House, Nixon defense lawyers Buzhardt and St. Clair ruled that the documents and tapes were Nixon's personal property, and Ford concurred tentatively in that finding. Unless something is done they will be shipped to San Clemente eventually, where Rose Mary Woods, Nixon's personal secretary and favorite transcriber of Watergate tapes, will be free to work her special kind of magic on them for posterity. Either that, or Nixon can sell them on the open market, probably for untold millions more. The tapes particularly with his own voice delivering expletives undeleted should be worth a bundle. Sen. Birch Bayh of Indiana has introduced a bill that would require all elected officials to turn over all official papers to the National Archives within six months of leaving office. It should be passed, while the Nixon ripoff remains fresh in the public mind.

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Jaworski's Obligation

President Ford set the right tone in dealing with the question of prosecuting Richard Nixon by recognizing that Special Watergate Prosecutor Leon Jaworski "has an *obligation* to take whatever action he sees fit in conformity with his oath of office. . . ." That oath binds Jaworski to "well and faithfully discharge the duties" of the special prosecutor—duties, described in Justice Department regulations, that include authority to "investigate and prosecute offenses against the United States," including "allegations involving the President. . . ."

Jaworski's obligation now is to take appropriate action in the case of a former President and in doing that to sharpen public awareness of the legal processes. At his August 28 press conference President Ford said, "there have been no charges made" against Nixon. In other words he hasn't been indicted. But impeachment under our constitutional system must, in the case of a President, precede any criminal indictment. Under the impeachment procedure, Nixon *was* charged by the House Judiciary Committee with three specific categories of wrongdoing. One of them, obstruction of justice, is also a federal crime.

Nixon's resignation prevented a House vote on the proposed articles of impeachment. It also obviated the necessity of a Senate trial that would have laid out the accusatory evidence and given Nixon a forum in which to rebut the charges or at least rationalize his acts. In the end there would have been a Senate verdict based on comprehensive and comprehendible evidence.

Had Nixon remained in office through the Senate trial, and had he been convicted, Jaworski would still have had the duty to decide whether criminal prosecution *should* follow removal from office. In that situation, however, Nixon's acts—and thus his liability to prosecution if any—would have been clear and the Jaworski decision less controversial than it has become.

The House Judiciary Committee, in its final report, found that "clear and convincing evidence" existed that Nixon almost immediately after the June 17, 1972 Watergate break-in personally and through subordinates "made it his plan and did direct" the illegal cover-up that took place. The committee's report, its summary of information and other records outline but do not fully describe exactly when and how Nixon initially ran the cover-up.

June 18, 1972, the day after the burglars were discovered inside Democratic party headquarters, was a key date. Presidential aide

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John Ehrlichman was in Washington while Nixon and his White House chief of staff, H. R. Haldeman, were in Florida. On the 17th Ehrlichman had telephoned Key Biscayne with the news that former White House aide E. Howard Hunt was being linked to the burglars and that Nixon reelection committee security aide James McCord had been identified as one of the jailed burglars. By the morning of June 18 Nixon apparently had made his first decision. Jeb Stuart Magruder, deputy Nixon campaign manager and a man directly involved with the bugging operation, was ordered to return to Washington from California where he and campaign manager John Mitchell were attending political meetings. Mitchell had wanted another of his aides to handle the problem but, according to Magruder, Haldeman told him the President decided Magruder, who had worked in the White House, should take on the task. At the time the order was given, Haldeman—and thus inevitably the President—knew Magruder was himself involved in the bugging operation.

Later on June 18 Watergate conspirator Hunt spent part of the day in his White House office going through the Watergate-related contents of his safe. According to former White House counsel John Dean, Hunt that day spoke to presidential aide Charles Colson—the man who hired him to work in the administration. The President spoke with Colson twice on the 18th though Colson testified he could remember only one detail—that Nixon "was so furious that he had thrown an ashtray across the room." His anger, according to Colson, was fired by public disclosure that someone directly connected with his campaign organization—McCord—was involved in the Watergate operation.

Colson, too, talked to Haldeman on the 18th and Ehrlichman and Haldeman also spoke that day. Watergate again was the topic but not one of the participants seems to remember the details. One other presidential decision was taken that day, however. Ehrlichman was put in charge of handling Watergate for the White House.

On Monday, June 19, Ehrlichman called then Attorney General Richard Kleindienst to find out what the FBI investigation had uncovered about Hunt. Kleindienst, in turn, called then acting FBI Director L. Patrick Gray and asked for a briefing, saying according to Gray's notes of the conversation, that within a day or two the President "is going to want to talk to me."

On the evening of June 19, Nixon and Haldeman returned to Washington from Florida while Mitchell and the top campaign organization officials arrived from California. The previous day Mitchell had put out an inaccurate release attempting to disown McCord and stating that he "and the other people involved were not operating either in our behalf or with our consent." At the time Mitchell published the release, he knew it was inaccurate. Since it had been cleared earlier with Haldeman, Nixon also must have known it was false.

At 9 am, June 20 the men closest to the President who were also involved with the Watergate break-in and cover-up met at the White House. Initially Mitchell and Haldeman met in Ehrlichman's office. They were subsequently joined by Dean and Kleindienst, though the latter now denies he attended the meeting. For almost 90 minutes they discussed Watergate, though

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none can now recall what was said. The President, meanwhile, was alone in his Oval Office. At 11:26 am Nixon met with Haldeman and a discussion about Watergate took place. The portion of White House tape of that session related to Watergate—18 minutes in length—has been erased, but Haldeman's notes show that a "counterattack" and a "PR offensive" were discussed. "We should be on the attack for diversion," Haldeman wrote, quoting or paraphrasing the President's directions. Diversion would only be needed if Nixon had determined that he could not reveal the truth of his aides' involvement.

Early that afternoon the Watergate conspirator G. Gordon Liddy met with two Mitchell aides. At that session Liddy declared that commitments for financial support to the five jailed men, and to him and Hunt, had to be honored. Three days earlier Hunt had complained that the FBI had asked to talk to him. He had called Liddy and angrily told him to get the FBI investigation halted. Now, after three days, Liddy apparently conveyed Hunt's anger and an implied threat, reminding Mitchell's aides that both Hunt and he had been involved in other embarrassing and perhaps illegal activities on behalf of the White House. That information was passed on to Mitchell late in the afternoon of June 20. At 6:04 pm that evening, Nixon talked to Mitchell. That conversation is said not to have been recorded. The former President's own dictabelt recollection of the Mitchell call itself goes silent for 42 seconds after Nixon says that Mitchell "regretted that he had not policed all the people more effectively . . . in his own organization. . . ."

On June 22 Nixon misled the press in responding to a question on whether the men who had been caught in Watergate "had a direct link to the White House." He said Mitchell's denial of Nixon reelection committee involvement and press secretary Ron Ziegler's characterization of the operation as a third rate burglary attempt "stated the facts accurately."

The three tapes Nixon made public of meetings on June 23, 1972 between the President and Haldeman disclose more than that the President approved a plan whereby the CIA was to be used to block the FBI investigation of cash that went from the reelection committee to the Watergate burglars. The tapes also show the FBI investigation had been discussed before. ". . . We're back in the problem area," Haldeman says in opening up the discussion of the "Democratic break-in thing. . . ." A bit later Nixon brings up the fact that "this Hunt, that will uncover a lot of things," though Hunt had not been mentioned in that conversation. A few moments later, again without it being brought up, Nixon mentions Liddy in a way that suggests that Liddy too had been discussed earlier.

Richard Nixon last month told the American people he was resigning because he had made some wrong judgments "in what I believed at the time to be the best interests of the nation." As a result, according to Nixon's explanation of things, he lost his political base in Congress, and thus the ability to carry out "the duties of this office in the way the interests of the nation will require." That revisionist account of the events leading up to August 9 has been echoed in the statements of Nixon supporters and, believing it, Sen. Hugh Scott was able to say Mr. Nixon had been hung and now some people wanted to draw and quarter him. Mr. Nixon himself has suggested there were some who in talking of prosecution wanted to pick over the carcass.

Concern for Nixon's suffering the humiliation of resignation and a possible criminal trial is understandable. A desire to put Watergate behind the country is also proper. But if this confluence of moods wipes out the memory of two years of national turmoil created by the conscious deceptions of Mr. Nixon, the nation will have learned little from Watergate. And worse than that, the seeds will be sown for some presidential malfeasance in a future administration.

The new President seems to be playing very straight with a tough political-judicial situation. Ford's words to Jaworski encourage the prosecution of Nixon while, at the same time, reserving for himself the right of pardon should Nixon be convicted. Ford's decision to hold the remaining White House tapes under his control, rather than turn them over immediately to Nixon, showed also that he does not want to get even peripherally involved in any new cover-up charge.

What are the American people to think of their criminal justice system if in the most important of cases it is not applied equally to the President and his subordinates? How will Nixon be viewed by history? As a martyr, a crook or something in between? How can judgment be rendered on the events that ended in his quitting and on the other actors in the tragedy of Richard Nixon—the Congress, the courts, the press? Prosecutor Jaworski's actions will do much to determine the ultimate answers to these questions.

Class Actions

The class action suit is one of the few legal remedies available to consumers who are cheated out of relatively small sums of money. Since 1966, when a change in federal court rules made it easier to set up a class, thousands of class actions have been brought. In most cases there is a pre-trial settlement in which the defendant agrees to make full or partial refunds to consumers who step forward with evidence of past purchases. Fat fees for lawyers who win settlements create an incentive to bring class litigation.

The major difficulty with class action suits is the cost and complexity of notifying all members of the

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class, which frequently number in the millions. Federal rules require class members to be contacted three times during the course of a typical case. First they must be informed that a suit is being brought on their behalf; this is so they can opt out if they wish, and perhaps seek separate relief. They must be notified again when a hearing is scheduled to approve the settlement. And, finally, they must be told how to claim their refund.

The future of class actions will largely depend on how the problems of notification are worked out. Last May, in what was interpreted as a major setback for consumers, the Supreme Court ruled that there can be no shortcuts in the notification process. The case involved a New York shoe dealer named Morton Eisen who dabbled in the stock market. Eisen alleged on behalf of himself and other buyers of 100 shares or less that the New York Stock Exchange's premium on odd-lot sales violated the antitrust laws. To expedite the case the trial judge ruled that Eisen's attorney would have to mail individual notices only to a small random sample of the two and one-half million odd-lot customers whose names and addresses were available; the rest could be "notified" through the placement of a legal notice in a newspaper. The judge also required the defendants—the NYSE and two brokerage houses—to pay 90 percent of the notification costs. His reasoning was that the defendants would probably settle the case and could deduct their share of the notification costs from the eventual settlement. The Supreme Court ruled that the judge had acted improperly; each class member, it said, must be individually notified and plaintiffs must bear the entire cost of notification. Justice William O. Douglas, in a partial dissent, said there could be some flexibility in the management of class actions, and that trial courts should be allowed an active role in the conduct of class litigation.

One federal judge who took an active role prior to the Eisen decision is Miles Lord of Minnesota, who's been overseeing the latest phase of the 20-year-old tetracycline price-fixing case. When the drug companies argued that the distribution of refunds to millions of overcharged customers was an utterly unmanageable task, Lord appointed a special master to make it manageable. The master, David Lebedoff, hired an advertising agency, a marketing analyst and a computer, and last month mailed out a carefully designed refund claim form to every household in California, Hawaii, Oregon, Washington, Utah and Kansas. So far more than 600,000 claims have been returned. Though no documentation is required for claims of $150 or less, Lebedoff says there has been very little fraud (the computer is programmed to catch some of the obvious tricks, such as multiple claims by the same individual). The entire distribution scheme, dubbed Operation Money Back, will cost about one million dollars, but Lebedoff notes that this is only five percent of the $20 million being refunded to consumers and that the interest earned on the $20 million will cover all administrative costs. "After Operation Money Back," Lebedoff contends, "no one will be able to get up in court again and argue that these things aren't manageable."

Still problems remain in paying for notification of class members before a settlement has been reached, and in cases where the billed customers are difficult to identify. One approach to the latter problem that the Supreme Court hasn't ruled out is called fluid class recovery. It assumes that the cheated class is a constantly flowing stream in which future customers are likely to be representative of past victims. Using this approach, a Los Angeles judge recently ordered a taxi company that was found to have illegally speeded up its meters to pay damages by reducing fares, rather than by requiring customers to establish that they had ridden the company's cabs in the past.

In cases where the fluid class theory doesn't apply, the cost of pre-settlement notification is a major hurdle; postage alone can run to tens of thousands of dollars, depending on the size of the class. The Eisen decision means that Congress will have to legislate some solutions if the class action is to remain a viable consumer remedy.

Alienable Rights

Counsel for the plaintiff is accustomed to sitting on the other side of the courtroom. "I have been practicing antitrust law for many years, primarily on the defense side," says Moses Lasky of San Francisco. "And I would have fallen over in a dead faint if any client had come to me and told me he'd been doing the things the National Football League has been doing." Lasky's newfound enthusiasm for the cause of the little guy is on behalf of Joe Kapp, a onetime successful quarterback who was blacklisted by the NFL after the 1970 season because he refused to sign a standard player contract. The suit, in US District Court in San Francisco, challenges the same contract provisions at issue in the NFL Players Association strike, which didn't die but just faded away.

Hardened by a series of disappointments, most professional team sports athletes have long since abandoned hope of progress through litigation. Ironically, though, the Kapp case could cause the first substantial diminution of monopolistic league powers.

The suit now stands at an interesting juncture. Judge William T. Sweigert has before him a motion for partial summary judgment in Kapp's favor, on the grounds that the standard player contract and the NFL boycott

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of Kapp are violations of the antitrust laws. Should judgment be granted, Kapp would become rich and the contract provisions regarded as "freedom issues" by the active players would be recognized as illegal, regardless of the outcome of collective bargaining.

One way or another Sweigert could help dissipate the haze surrounding the legality of some questionable practices. This much is not in dispute: to pursue a paying career in team sports is to surrender certain rights regarded elsewhere as inalienable. As soon as he becomes a professional, the player is told whom he will work for. The team that drafts him acquires permanent control of his contract, which it can exercise by permanent renewal or by trading or selling the player to another team, which then acquires the same control.

The NFL offers its employees an illusory authorship of their destinies. A player may "play out his option" with team one—accepting a 10 percent salary cut for one season—and sign on with team two. But here the Rozelle rule (named for NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle) comes into play. Team two must compensate team one, at Rozelle's discretion, for the loss. The cost of compensation has thoroughly discouraged talent-hunting teams from risking the Rozelle rule.

Kapp's lawyer, in fact, likes to call it the "ransom rule," although powers other than the Rozelle rule were used by the commissioner to run Kapp out of the NFL. Kapp played out his option with Minnesota in 1969 and signed with Boston (now New England), which compensated Minnesota with a player and a draft choice.

Kapp's three-year agreement with Boston was not a standard player contract. After the first year, however, Rozelle ruled that Kapp would be permitted to play only if he signed the standard form—in effect blacklisting Kapp, who refused to comply. His objective now is to collect damages for the league's interference in his attempt to fulfill the contract.

Moses Lasky likes his client's chances. "To my astonishment, attorneys for the league have been making arguments that are damning concessions of violations of law. They say there is no competition for players, and if that doesn't violate the antitrust laws, I don't know what does."

Another curious aspect is the NFL attorneys' insistence that the issues in the suit ought to be settled not in court but in collective bargaining. These happen to be the same issues the team owners have refused to discuss during the recent contract talks. With its acute instinct for self-preservation, the NFL has also argued that the standard contract should not be one of the issues in court because Kapp, after all, never signed one. As always the league contends it ought not to be subject to certain antitrust provisions.

The next move is Judge Sweigert's. He can decide in favor of the NFL's reasoning, leaving the issues for resolution in a trial, probably sometime next year. Or he can issue what would amount to an emancipation proclamation for players. One source says to expect his decision by mid-September. Someone else close to the trial believes that it will take several months (hence most or all of the football season) before this significant phase is concluded.

Michael Roberts

MR. ROBERTS *writes a sports column for the* Washington Star-News.

Wilbur's Watergate

Wilbur Mills is stonewalling it, and the strategy may not work for him either. Possibly the most powerful man in Congress, Mills is faced with his own little Watergate, involving his unsuccessful run for the 1972 Democratic presidential nomination. He won't submit to a reporter's interview about it. When the Senate Watergate committee asked him to answer questions, he said he was too busy. His former campaign manager invoked the Fifth Amendment. Mills just says he wasn't aware of all the shenanigans.

What *was* going on? There were illegal corporate payments from the milk producers, from Gulf Oil Corp. and 3M. There were envelopes full of unreported thousands in cash from trucking officials, the tobacco lobby, a lumber executive and others. And there was an unreported, $100,000 donation from two computer executives with a vested interest in the shape of future national health insurance, a Mills specialty.

Last March when only some of the story had become part of the public record, the emerging scandal caught the eye of 30-year-old Judy Petty, a veteran of the late Gov. Winthrop Rockefeller's insurgent Republican faction. Mrs. Petty had been an aide to Rockefeller. After his death she entered the University of Arkansas at Little Rock to finish a long-delayed degree in international studies. But when it appeared that Mills would be unopposed for reelection, which he has been for all but four of his 18 terms, she quit school.

She drew out $1000 in personal savings and paid it as a filing fee on April 1 to become the first member of her party ever to oppose Mills (the other opponents had been Democrats who ran in the primary).

In the intervening five months the Mills scandal has made her a credible candidate. Mills, while saying he hasn't made up his mind about whether to mount a formal campaign against her, concedes that "any opposition is and should be regarded as serious opposition." The Petty forces polled a random sampling of 400 registered voters in the district a little more than a month ago. Their results showed 47 percent for Mills, 26 percent for Petty, 27 percent undecided. And Mills

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has suffered some embarassing disclosures since that poll was taken.

The Mills presidential campaign isn't the only issue. Petty tells voters to look at their paychecks and blame the Ways and Means chairman for the federal government's cut. But the finance scandal is what nudged her into the race. "That was a factor that as far as I was concerned made Mr. Mills very, very vulnerable."

Dollar for dollar the Mills presidential campaign may have been the most corruptly financed of them all. About $700,000 is known to have been spent to elect Mills President. Of that the Watergate committee identified $106,000 as corporate money. That's 15 percent of the total. By contrast the $749,000 in corporate donations to Richard Nixon's campaign amounted to just about 1.2 percent of his total.

Mills' alibi for all this is that he wasn't really a candidate when the dirty money rolled in. Sure his old Little Rock friend David L. Parr—second-in-command of Associated Milk Producers, Inc.—was trying hard to draft him. Parr even is said to have talked about raising two million dollars for Mills, the same sum Parr promised Nixon. But Mills, even as he went about the country keeping speaking engagements and chatting with influential local groups, wasn't really campaigning for the White House. So he says.

It is true that Mills did not formally declare as a candidate for the presidency until February 11, 1972, after some of the worst was over. But he was associated intimately with his would-be drafters long before then. It was generally assumed that he was running actively as early as March 4, 1971, when the governor signed what was known informally as the "Wilbur Mills bill," allowing the state's congressmen and senators to run simultaneously for reelection to Congress and for President or Vice President.

One episode, involving an Iowa farm rally that the milk producers and a sister co-op financed with more than $50,000 in corporate money, tells much about Mills' supposed noninvolvement in the campaign. Parr has testified that he spent the money to tout Mills for President, even though the gathering was billed as a nonpartisan event. The dairymen bused in scores of Mills backers wearing "Draft Mills" lapel badges.

There is undisputed testimony that Mills personally solicited the invitation to appear at the rally. On Labor Day 1971, Gerald R. Pepper recalls that he received a phone call from Mills. Pepper is head of the Iowa Institute of Cooperation, a federation of farm co-ops headquartered in Ames, Iowa. Pepper had never met Mills, and was flabbergasted to receive such a call. Mills asked to be invited to speak at the group's annual meeting, and Pepper quickly assented.

"He indicated that someone would be in touch with me," Pepper recounted. The next day someone indeed was in touch. It was Joseph P. Johnson, then on full-time corporate salary from the milk producers while working as Mills' traveling aide. Johnson arranged for Pepper and the entire 10-man executive board of the farm group to be flown to Washington in the milk producers' two corporate jets. The group was marched into the ornate chambers of the Ways and Means Committee, where Parr himself introduced Pepper and Mills. "I offered him my invitation," Pepper said. The Iowans were flown back home the same day.

That's how uninvolved Mills was.

Parr now has pleaded guilty to conspiring to donate many thousands of his co-op's corporate funds to various candidates, including $5000 to Mills. Sentencing is pending. Johnson, who later became Mills' presidential campaign manager, refused to testify before the Watergate committee on grounds of possible self-incrimination. The files of the Watergate committee also have yielded up news of a donation of $100,000 by two officials of H. Ross Perot's Dallas-based computer firm, which processes 75 million health insurance claims each year.

The gift was handled ineptly, at best. It was spread in installments of $3000 or less through a number of dummy committees in the District of Columbia, in an apparent attempt to avoid both disclosure and the gift tax. Yet the officers of all the committees were identical, so under the governing tax ruling the donors may have to pay the gift tax after all. Not such a hot performance by the campaign of the top tax-writer in Congress. A Mills spokesman said this just goes to show that Mills really wasn't involved. Mills still declines requests to be questioned about his 1972 campaign finances.

For now, Mills is running another non-campaign. His only reported expenditure is $750 from his own pocket for his filing fee. He travels between Washington and Arkansas on the government, taking full advantage of his travel allowance.

Meanwhile Petty is campaigning six days a week, handshaking her way around the compact Little Rock district while spending very little money. She has raised $10,000, spent less than $3000, by her account. She is getting a fair amount of newspaper coverage, partly by virtue of her sex and age. Mills, if he is forced to campaign actively, could be slowed down by his 65 years and his bad back, which almost forced him into retirement last year, not to mention the stuffy public image that got him creamed in the '72 New Hampshire primary.

And all this in a year when the iconoclastic Arkansas voters already have ousted another congressional monument, Bill Fulbright. Mills has more to worry about than a Petty win. If she even comes close, there are sure to be more opponents in '76.

A footnote. Petty says she hasn't thought much about issues like national health insurance, no-fault car insurance, campaign finance reform, consumer protection or an excess profits tax on oil. She waffled on impeachment until Nixon quit. She confines her-

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self to boosting higher morals and lower federal spending. She says that those in Congress she most admires are H.R. Gross the penny-pincher, James L. Buckley the Conservative, and Elizabeth Holtzman, who was 31 when she was elected to Congress after a primary win over Emmanuel Celler, then the longest-tenured man in the House.

Brooks Jackson

MR. JACKSON *is a Washington newspaperman who has written extensively on the milk fund scandal.*

An Interview with Makarios

The Indispensable Man?

by Stanley Karnow

I anticipated as I went over to see Archbishop Makarios at his hotel here the other day that I would encounter bitter, disspirited exile. For although several foreign governments still officially recognize him to be president of Cyprus despite his ouster from the island in July in a coup d'état engineered by the Greek military junta then in charge in Athens, nobody at the moment is really doing much to return him to his former position of authority. The new Greek civilian regime, which expressed its support for him soon after coming into office six weeks ago, is too weak to translate whatever hopes it may have into reality. The Turks, who initially backed him when he was a victim of the Greek generals, have apparently estimated that his presence on Cyprus now would undermine the strong position they have built up there following their offensive last month. His British hosts, who continue to regard him formally as the chief of state of Cyprus, are too preoccupied with their domestic troubles to do more than pay lip service to his status. The Russians, who recently called for an international conference on Cyprus as a way of restoring his power, are at the same time pursuing a policy carefully contrived to avoid alienating the Turks. And the US, which has long favored the partition of Cyprus into Greek and Turkish Cypriot zones and currently perceives such a pattern to be emerging, plainly prefers the present evolution of events to having Makarios in control of an independent island.

Yet with all these cards stacked against him Makarios seemed to me to be surprisingly cheerful and occasionally even casual. Moreover he struck me as being unusually confident, at least for the long-term future. I should insert here, however, that he is not an easy man to interview, for he is a truly Byzantine figure whose manner is often elliptical. But if I interpreted him correctly, his essential strategy is to wait and watch in the expectation that the Cyprus situation will sooner or later become so desperately hopeless that everyone concerned, both on the island and elsewhere around the world, will finally acknowledge that he is the only person capable of straightening out the muddle. In other words, it appears to me, he has calculated that time is on his side and that there is no reason for him to rush back to a mess in Cyprus that, at this stage, is probably beyond any immediate solution.

"I have greater support from the people of Cyprus than I have ever had," he asserted to me, contending that even the Greek Cypriot "extremists" who formerly opposed him now admit that they were wrong to have done so. That assessment of his popularity is echoed, incidentally, by his sympathizers on Cyprus who claim, as one of them put it last week, that half of the island's population would show up on the beach to welcome him. Makarios insisted during our talk, therefore, that he could return whenever he wished. He explained, though, that he has not done so because his appearance there now would "aggravate" tensions between the Greek and Turkish Cypriots, whose efforts to reach some kind of accommodation have been going badly. So Makarios made it clear to me certain conditions must be fulfilled before he would consider going back. In other words, I inferred from his remarks, he wants to return to Cyprus with something concrete rather than jeopardize his reputation in the tangled discussions currently being held between Glafkos Clerides, the acting president of the island, and Rauf Denktash, the spokesman for the Turkish Cypriot community.

In the first place, Makarios said, he would not involve himself in any serious negotiations until the Turkish forces that invaded the island in July are withdrawn to the positions they held on August 9, when representatives of Greece and Turkey agreed on a

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cease-fire that soon afterward collapsed. At that time the Turks occupied about five percent of Cyprus while now, in contrast, they control roughly 30 percent of the island's territory and 80 percent of its resources. "The Turks would be talking from a position of strength if we negotiated before a withdrawal of their forces," Makarios said, "and I have no intention of going to a conference to sign a meaningless piece of paper."

Secondly, he went on to say, he wants the Turks to permit the Greek Cypriot refugees to return to areas occupied by Turkish troops. Estimates of the number of refugees run as high as 200,000, and little is being done to alleviate their suffering.

Makarios' third condition for returning is that the Greek officers appointed by the Athens junta to command the Cyprus national guard be pulled out of the island. These officers, acting on instructions from the Greek junta, tried to assassinate Makarios in July. Many are still on Cyprus, and they are believed to be cooperating with the Greek Cypriot terrorists whose organization, known as EOKA-B, opposed Makarios' policy of stalling on union between the island and Greece. The new civilian government in Athens is no longer encouraging the terrorists, but they are heavily armed and are likely to constitute a chronic problem, as their apparent attempt to murder one of Makarios' close friends the other day demonstrated.

But if Makarios is not about to return to Cyprus until his conditions are fulfilled, he claims to be playing an important role in the situation there. He told me, for example, that Clerides could not survive without "my support." Makarios also said that he is in "constant contact" with Clerides, thereby indicating that he is managing the situation on a daily basis. As far as I know, Clerides has not claimed to be in constant contact with Makarios. He has said that he has not placed "any restrictions" on Makarios' return, and that statement, issued a couple of weeks ago, was thought to denote a distinct lack of enthusiasm for the Archbishop's comeback at this time. I cannot judge the validity of that analysis until I get to Cyprus, which I plan to do within the next two weeks.

Looking back on the events that led up to the coup against him, Makarios conceded that he may have been mistaken in not having worked more effectively over the years for an agreement between the Greek and Turkish Cypriots. But had he done so, he says, the Greek junta in Athens would have moved against him sooner than it did, and so he figured that like Penelope, who defended herself until the return of Ulysses by weaving an endless fabric, he could stave off the inevitable attack by prolonging the talks between the island's two ethnic communities. By early summer, however, he expected that the junta would try to assassinate him, as it had on two earlier occasions, but he was not sure of its precise plans. It was for that reason, he said, that he did not sound alarmist when he saw Roger Davies, the American ambassador who was killed in Cyprus last month. Davies reported to Washington at the time that Makarios was in no imminent danger, and the State Department has referred to the dispatch to bolster its argument that it was as surprised as Makarios by the crisis.

COMING: a report on the new economic health of the movie industry

As I listened to Makarios, it seemed to me that his subdued, prudent remarks were deliberately tailored to fit his wait-and-see strategy. For he needs to make friends rather than to create enemies, and thus he is taking a charitable approach to almost everyone. He had words of praise, for instance, for the civilian Greek government headed by Constantine Karamanlis, and he voiced the doubtful view that the Turks might tolerate his return to Cyprus.

He absolved the United States of any responsibility for his difficulties, saying that "I do not think the American government or any American agent was involved in the coup against me." And I found him to be relatively kind toward Secretary of State Kissinger. Makarios saw Kissinger in Washington shortly after the Cyprus crisis erupted. They met for more than an hour and, according to Makarios' account, Kissinger said that the United States continued to recognize him as president of Cyprus. Kissinger never said that publicly, however, and his failure to do so left the impression in many quarters that the United States recognized the regime of Nicos Sampson, the thug who succeeded Makarios for a brief period. That position by Washington is said to have prompted the Turks to invade Cyprus. Makarios was reportedly upset by the American position at the time, but now, speaking to me, he dismissed it as unimportant because, I think, he wants to leave the door open to future dealings with the United States and does not want to say anything that might annoy Kissinger. He did tell me, though, that during a later meeting with Kissinger he complained that the United States was not doing enough to restrain the Turks. As Makarios relates it, Kissinger replied that he was working behind the scenes to mediate the crisis. To which Makarios answered, according to his version, "I don't know what you're doing behind the scenes, but whatever you're doing I don't like the results." Makarios added that the Russians have been "more constructive from my viewpoint," indicating that he approves of their proposal for an international conference on Cyprus. There is some suspicion here that Makarios himself put the Kremlin up to making that proposal.

Makarios' hope that a deteriorating situation in

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Cyprus will make him indispensable has obvious limitations. A guerrilla war waged by the Greek Cypriots against the Turks, for example, would throw the island in turmoil and make his return precarious. For that reason, as he told me, the idea of guerrilla activity is "premature" and should not be initiated except in desperation. He is still counting on diplomatic possibilities, therefore. But for all his confidence it still remains to be seen whether he is another Prince Sihanouk, doomed to permanent exile, or another Charles de Gaulle, on the brink of a triumphant comeback.

Economic Fundamentalist

Chairman Greenspan

by Richard L. Strout

I confess that Alan Greenspan startles me. He is President Ford's new top economic adviser. I heard Sen. Proxmire ask him questions in an otherwise all but deserted Banking Committee room recently and my astonishment grew. So, I think, did Proxmire's. Witness testified, without notes, with an earnestness and sincerity that left no doubt of his conviction. At a big financial loss he is leaving his Wall Street consulting firm of Townsend-Greenspan & Co. (where he has been on retainer for 100 corporations among the largest in the country, including almost all of the nation's 10 biggest banks) and he is willing to serve in Washington at a time of economic crisis.

What are his views? That is what is extraordinary.

► He opposes the antitrust law.

► He opposes the progressive income tax.

► He opposes consumer legislation as an interference with the free economy.

► He subscribes to a form of laissez-faire capitalism that has been elevated into a cult called objectivism. Its leader is controversial author-philosopher Ayn Rand, with a dogma that she terms "rational selfishness" (and that sounds like economic Darwinism). Mr. Greenspan graduated summa cum laude from New York University's School of Commerce, with graduate work at the University of Chicago.

Miss Rand appears to have done more in shaping his views than did Dr. Arthur Burns, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, a former teacher. Bespectacled Mr. Greenspan agrees that his 20-year association with Miss Rand helped to wean him from an earlier liberalism and other "mistaken policies."

"Alan is my disciple philosophically," Russian-born Miss Rand, 69, author of *The Fountainhead* and *Atlas Shrugged*, said recently.

To put the thing in context consider recent developments. The world economy and banking system are under great strain. Food is everywhere short, and the oil producers have quadrupled the price with the effect of imposing a kind of excise tax of $60 or $70 billion annually on the consumers, at the same time that the producers' extraordinary new income is sloshing about the hard-pressed international exchange system.

In this crisis the United States is theoretically a balance wheel, a stabilizing force; America's GNP is almost one-third of the free world's total GNP. But America is infected with plague too, and is running the highest inflation fever in peacetime history. The housing industry is prostrate from lack of capital (which has been dried up by the anti-inflationary restrictive policies of the Fed), and the industrial average of stocks has plunged from a high of 1050 in 20 months to below 700.

For anybody who went through the '30s it causes shivers. Inflation in Germany, for example, wiped out the middle class and brought Hitler. Times have changed. In those days on the American streets the threadbare poor sold apples for a nickel; they would charge a quarter today.

And so Alan Greenspan comes to President Ford. He will help to guide and direct his economic course. He has been confirmed as chairman of the three-man Council of Economic Advisers by the Senate without a record vote and with only three senators speaking. Of the 10 men who have been CEA chairman since the Employment Act of 1946 created the council "to promote maximum employment, production and purchasing power," Greenspan is only the second without a Ph.D. (possibly a good thing) and he is far and

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away the most conservative. Perhaps conservative isn't the word. Under ideological relativity if you go far enough around the circle you emerge as a radical. How Mr. Greenspan squares his practical business counsel with his laissez-faire theories I don't know, but his writings and testimony make him sound like a fundamentalist mystic.

"The entire structure of antitrust statutes in this country is a jumble of economic irrationality and ignorance," he wrote in 1962. "It is the product: a) of a gross misinterpretation of history, and b) of rather naive, and certainly unrealistic, economic theories."

As an example he argued that "the control by Standard Oil at the turn of the century of more than 80 percent of refining capacity made economic sense. . . ."

Why not, he asked? Competition takes care of trusts if you leave them alone; this happens by a natural process for "laissez-faire is the most efficient and productive of all possible economic systems."

Mr. Greenspan could have changed his views since then but showed no sign of it as he testified before the astonished Sen. Proxmire. I offer a few more samples of his early writing taken from the Ayn Rand periodical, *The Objectivist.*

"Stripped of its economic jargon," he wrote, July 1966, "the welfare state is nothing more than a mechanism by which governments confiscate the wealth of the productive members of a society to support a wide variety of welfare schemes."

He charged that "welfare statists" were trying to demonetize gold because it was a barrier to "confiscation through inflation":"This is the shabby secret of the welfare statists' tirades against gold . . . Deficit spending is simply a scheme for the 'hidden' confiscation of wealth. . . . "

Under the title "The Assault on Integrity," he attacked consumer protection laws, and agencies like the Securities and Exchange Commission: "Regulation—which is based on force and fear—undermines the moral base of business dealings," he said. He called it the "hallmark of collectivists":"They confess their inability to grasp the crucial importance of the moral values which are the motive power of capitalism. Capitalism is based on self-interest and self-esteem; it holds integrity and trustworthiness as cardinal virtues and makes them pay off in the market place, thus demanding that men survive by means of virtues, not of vices. It is this superlatively moral system that the welfare statists propose to improve upon by means of preventive law, snooping bureaucrats, and the chronic goad of fear."

Greenspan, at 48, is 11 years older than when he wrote the above, but he still seems to have the ardor of Horatio Alger. President Nixon picked him to succeed outgoing Chairman Herbert Stein in the last throes of his administration when the White House attention was on other matters and when it may have been difficult to get others to join the wreckage. The Stein resignation was effective August 31. President Ford inherited the appointee, sworn in last week and did not intervene to head him off in the Senate as he might have done gracefully enough. The inexperienced President is up against what will probably be the toughest domestic problem of his term, economic control, and he is charging right into the so-called summit conference of labor, industry, consumers and other groups, a conference where he promises to preside. It will be a TV spectacular with Vice President-designate Rockefeller perhaps helping out and the CEA chairman available.

Mr. Greenspan is now part of a monolithic group of business-oriented economic advisers that Mr. Ford inherited from his predecessor: economic counsellor Kenneth Rush, former head of Union Carbide; Treasury Secretary William Simon, former partner of Salomon Brothers; Budget Director Roy Ash, former president of Litton Industries; William Eberle, director of the Council on International Economic Policy, former president of American Standard, Inc. There is also shrewd, pipe-smoking Arthur Burns, whose mild conservatism seems almost radical in this group. Dr. Burns thinks that stiffer antitrust law enforcement would help stop inflation, for example, a view rejected by chairman Greenspan, his former pupil.

President Ford has shown admirable flexibility in some directions since taking office and many hope that he will shortly shake up his economic counsellors. Sen. Proxmire vainly tried to further this development.

On August 13 he sent a "Dear Colleague" letter to each member of the Senate outside of the Banking Committee, questioning the nomination. Greenspan, he reported, was a man of skill and probity—a man who also "made it emphatically clear" that he opposed vigorous enforcement of the antitrust laws; who "does not support consumer protection legislation"; who "has the almost incredible posture for an economic realist in these days—of opposing the progressive income tax," and who, when he leaves Washington, has a place waiting for him back home on Wall Street with his old firm and its business fees and loyalties.

The Senate confirmed Alan Greenspan August 19 without a roll call.

To find somebody in high office these days who opposes the graduated income tax has a quaint nostalgia that is rather charming. Back in the Civil War there was a small income tax, but the Supreme Court called it unconstitutional, five to four, in 1894. Mr. Justice Field declared "The present assault upon capital is but the beginning. It will be but the stepping-stone to others, larger and more sweeping, till our political contests will become a war of the poor against the rich."

The 16th Amendment in 1913 legalized the tax and seemed to settle the matter. But it left some unhappy. Mr. Greenspan, meet Justice Field.

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Taming the Beast

The Multinationals

by David Ignatius

In May 1972 the Senate Foreign Relations Committee—jarred by Jack Anderson's revelation of ITT efforts to sabotage the 1970 Chilean presidential election—voted to establish a new subcommittee under Sen. Frank Church (D, Idaho) to investigate the activities of multinational corporations. Having the ITT-Chile affair as the starting point for a probe of such an immense, forbidding topic was a mixed blessing. The facts assembled on the corporation's conspiratorial alliance with the CIA to protect ITT's $160 million Chilean investment forced the five senators on the subcommittee to take seriously the threat multinational corporations pose to American foreign policy. But if it implied that the world has not changed much since the days of Teddy Roosevelt, the ITT-Chile case was misleading.

Even in the relatively clear-cut ITT case, there were anomalies suggesting that however threatening the power of multinational corporations, the problems that arise from their control of about one-third of all international trade will not be solved easily. One of these anomalies is an ITT memo, buried among scores of others published by the subcommittee as an appendix to its hearings, describing a meeting on March 10, 1971 between ITT Senior Vice President (and now President) Tim Dunleavy and Chile's late President Allende to discuss the future of ITT's Chilean holdings. Most of the time was taken up with exploratory bargaining, but after about an hour of subtle threats and counterthreats, Allende turned to Dunleavy and floated a new business proposition:

> [Allende] said he had invented something which would indicate an incoming phone call while a person was speaking on the telephone. He suggested ITT might wish to develop it—but, he said, he wanted royalties. Dunleavy said we would be pleased to take a look at it.

The discovery that even socialist Salvadore Allende was not immune to the lure of multinational business must have persuaded the Church subcommittee of the complexity of its task.

Two years after completing its ITT investigation, the subcommittee is still at work, piecing together the first systematic public critique of American overseas investment. Following ITT came an examination of government insurance of foreign investment through the Overseas Private Investment Corporation (OPIC) and a general debate over "who benefits" from multinational investment. Then, in the midst of the energy crisis, the subcommittee began a study of the major oil companies. Most recently it has focused on the role of US corporations in détente. Reading through the thousands of pages of testimony and evidence that have been gathered is disturbing because it substantiates charges against the corporations *and* explodes simplistic theories of multinational enterprise. Are the multinationals neo-imperialist agents of American capitalism? If so, then why did the oil companies help the Arabs manage their 1973 oil embargo against the US and agree to oil price rises that threaten the monetary stability of the capitalist world? Are they instead enlightened servants of economic development? If so then why do UN and World Bank figures show that income distribution has failed to improve significantly in less-developed countries favored with multinational investment? Are the multinationals private enterprise? If so why do they demand, and receive, US tax subsidies and government insurance against political risks? Are the companies instruments of US foreign policy? If not then why do they have sole responsibility for highly strategic negotiations in the Middle East and the Soviet Union? And if they are acting on behalf of the US, then why aren't they regulated more closely in the public interest? Prodded by these questions, the subcommittee is building a case for a reorientation of American economic policy abroad as far-reaching as the critique of American military policy that has resulted from the Vietnam war.

The investigation of the Overseas Private Investment Corporation (OPIC) was a natural follow-up to the ITT-Chile hearings, for there was evidence that ITT had tried to use its OPIC expropriation insurance as a club to beat the US government into action against Allende. A statement by former CIA Director and current ITT Director John McCone particularly intrigued the subcommittee:

> I felt that our government should be alerted to the consequences of the [Chilean] election, not only because of its effect on the business interests, but

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also because of its effect on the taxpayer. Because there were, you know, several hundred million dollars of OPIC guarantees, of which approximately $100 million were ITT's.

How did the government and the US taxpayer come to have a vested interest in defending the investment of ITT and other corporations? The story of OPIC tells a lot about American foreign policy since World War II. Established in 1969, OPIC inherited the "political risk" insurance policies—covering expropriation, war and inconvertibility of currency—which had been written for corporate customers during the Marshall Plan and later under AID. It also inherited the ideology of global economic development through American investment which had sustained these earlier programs. In the simplest terms OPIC's ideological premise has been that American investment abroad is good for the United States and good for the foreign countries—and should therefore be underwritten by the US government. All three assumptions were challenged in the Church hearings.

The five senators were most concerned with the benefits of OPIC-insured investment for the United States. From OPIC and corporate witnesses, they heard the traditional arguments for investment overseas: it returns profits that aid our balance of payments; it develops new markets for American goods; and it promotes a climate of international stability and free trade serving American economic and political interests. Against these asserted benefits, other witnesses weighed the costs of overseas investment. Former Treasury Department tax counsel Stanford G. Ross noted that because of provisions in the Internal Revenue Code for foreign tax credits, loss carry-over and deferral of foreign income, multinationals receive indirect tax subsidies and are a drain on the US Treasury. In a colloquy with Ross, Sen. Clifford P. Case (R, NJ), the ranking Republican, established that because tax laws allow *credits* for foreign income taxes, but only *deductions* for domestic state and local taxes, there is "a very sizable tax benefit on the company that chooses to build a plant in Mexico rather than in New Jersey." The AFL-CIO has strongly criticized such tax incentives for foreign investment, arguing that they are "eroding the industrial base" at home. Voicing the AFL-CIO line, Benjamin A. Sharman of the International Association of Machinists told the subcommittee that multinationals are exporting jobs abroad to "open shop" countries, where the absence of labor unions guarantees low wage rates. By insuring direct investment in these countries, Sharman said, OPIC is fostering union busting—hardly in the interest of American trade union members. Critics also questioned whether OPIC really serves the US business community. For example Boston University Business School Dean Peter P. Gabriel suggested that OPIC may be governed by a Catch-22 logic. He testified that "the terms and conditions which host countries find increasingly difficult to accept are precisely the ones OPIC insures: the ownership rights associated with direct investment. . . ." By fostering unregulated direct investment, OPIC increases nationalistic feeling, resentment of US companies and the very political risks it is writing insurance against.

If the benefits to the US of OPIC-insured multinational investment are mixed at best, what of the multinational "white man's burden"? Are OPIC's clients speeding economic progress in the Third World? A number of witnesses testified that while the multinationals may provide jobs and stimulate GNP growth, they do not invariably contribute to real economic development. Rather, in the words of *Fortune* magazine, by expanding its operations across national frontiers, "the corporation finds multiplying opportunities to buy cheap and sell dear . . ."—often to the detriment of host countries. To take one example, a witness from Motorola described his company's OPIC-insured innovation in the production of electric components. Motorola now air-freights millions of partially manufactured semiconductors to Korea, where the manual assembly is completed by Koreans—mostly unmarried women between 17 and 21 who want to build a dowry. The finished semiconductors are then air-freighted back to the US. Including fringe benefits the women receive a wage equivalent to about 21 cents per hour. Because its capital investment in the Korean operation is limited, Motorola probably would relocate if Korean unions were able to force wages up. Meanwhile Korea—with OPIC's blessing—develops expertise in finishing partially manufactured semiconductors.

The evidence against OPIC was persuasive, and Sen. Church—who describes himself as a believer in old-fashioned free enterprise—drafted legislation to phase out OPIC over a seven-year period and turn its functions over to private insurance companies. Paradoxically profit considerations might force private insurance companies to accomplish some of the progressive goals to which OPIC is nominally committed. For unlike OPIC, private insurers would insist on strict actuarial principles for underwriting foreign investment. Premiums for "bad risks"—a hypothetical example would be an ITT copper mine in Indonesia—would be prohibitive. Thus the market would establish a strong incentive for corporate responsibility. The Church proposal sounded like the "invisible hand" of capitalism at work. But after a strong lobbying campaign from those with an interest in the survival of OPIC—its employees and the multinationals that receive its subsidized insurance—the Church bill was defeated and OPIC was funded for another three years.

Oil companies are a special case among multinational corporations, even in their use of the English

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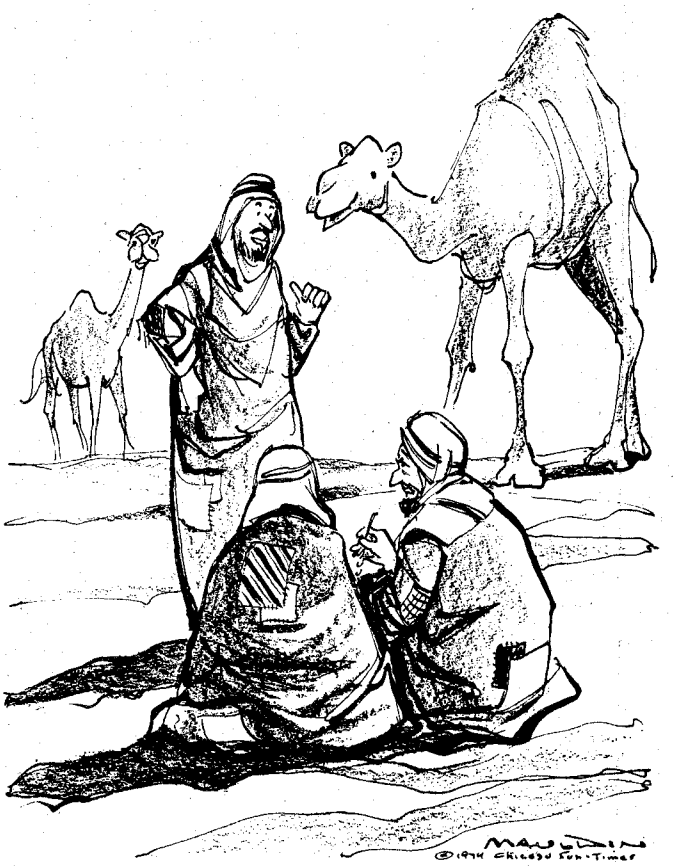
language. Corporate newspeak—as in the employment of the term "free market" to designate oligopolistic, tax-subsidized enterprise—has found its most articulate expression in the mouths of oil industry executives. Meeting in the crisis atmosphere of January 1974, the Church subcommittee began an attempt to cut through the jargon to an understanding of the role of the major oil companies in the Middle East. The story they have pieced together, in the view of subcommittee Associate Counsel Jack Blum, "has elements of a Greek tragedy."

The tragic flaw in the drama has been the collusion of the US government in policies of the oil companies that were moving the world inexorably toward the present energy crisis. Page after page of testimony confirms that the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC) cartel—and the enormous threat it now poses to international political and economic stability—is the almost inevitable result of anti-competitive production and marketing tactics pursued by the major oil companies, with the endorsement of the US, for the last 50 years. For the producers the oil problem has always been a potential oversupply that might erode profits. The old private cartel of companies, fixing prices and rationing supply, has given way to a cartel of governments—and the "oil weapon."

The story of the oil cartel has been kicking around the Justice Department since 1952, when a criminal case was initiated against Exxon, Mobil, SoCal, Texaco and Gulf. The cartel criminal investigation was shelved the next year, in the interests of "national security." But the evidence remains. It shows, in the words of David I. Haberman, a Justice Department lawyer who has spent most of his working life in a vain attempt to enforce the antitrust laws against the oil companies, how the companies became "a vast corporate government without portfolio." Haberman laid out the basic history of the cartel for the subcommittee. Following World War I the major American and British companies expected an oil shortage and expanded their foreign exploration and production, particularly in the Middle East. But by the late 1920s rapid exploitation of new reserves had created a desperate fear of a glut on the market. So much oil was being produced abroad that the US Gulf Coast "posted price"—in effect the optimal monopoly price—was being undermined. In 1927 the excess oil had fueled a price war in India that threatened to spread to Europe. In 1928 the largest international companies met in secret to establish a cartel for mutual protection of the oligopoly. In the "Red Line" and "Achnacarry" agreements, they promised to work together to hold production and marketing at levels that would not disturb the "posted price." New cartel agreements in '30, '32, '34 and '39 tightened the clamp on competition.

A new crisis developed in the 1950s, however, and by the time it had run its course, the power of the oil cartel—symbolized by the "posted price"—had been transferred to the Arabs. Like earlier crises, this was one of oversupply. Discovery of new reserves in the Middle East, entrance of oil-hungry "independent" US companies and demands from Arab sheiks for increased revenues were combining to produce a new glut that threatened to drive prices down. With the blessing of the US government the majors developed two new mechanisms for holding down production: increased royalties, in the form of "taxes" to Arab governments, which swelled the sheiks' revenues while offsetting the oil companies' US taxes; and rationing systems such as "aggregate programmed quantity" (APQ) in Iran, through which the majors designate how much oil would be drawn out of the ground by the various consortia operating in the Middle East. Even with these innovations, the problem of oversupply persisted into the 1960s. Howard W. Page, a retired Exxon troubleshooter in the Middle East (who has been described as "the Kissinger of the oil industry") testified that "all during the 1960s," Exxon's major problem was having more oil than it could market at acceptable prices. Sen. Charles Percy (R, Ill.) elicited from Page a striking admission of Exxon's dilemma in playing off its various Middle Eastern sources of supply.

Sen. Percy: If you had been using the production capacity [of all reserves] up to the fullest extent,



"I hear we've got most of the world's money now."

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obviously it would have driven prices down considerably.

Mr. Page: . . . I mean if we had used any one [country's reserves] to capacity, then we would have to shut the other back. There was no place to go with it. You can't dump it in the sea. There's a law against it.

As Page and others told the story, it became clear that the majors' attempts to play off the Arabs—holding each country's production at an acceptable level—had finally pushed the Arabs toward formation of their own cartel. By controlling and drastically increasing the posted price, the Arabs were able to gain the increased revenues they wanted without having to plead with the companies to favor them with quicker exploitation of reserves. They also gained the ability to use oil as a political weapon. With the Yom Kippur war, the traditional political arguments used by the oil companies to justify exemption from US antitrust laws were put to a severe test. For decades the companies have claimed that they should be given a free hand in the Middle East because American management of oil production would give the US enormous strategic leverage in the event of a crisis. When the crisis finally came in October 1973, where were the oil companies? The Church subcommittee found that far from working to circumvent the oil embargo, these American companies helped the Arabs to administer it, making sure that no oil leaked out to the US. Moreover in negotiating with the Arabs over increases in the "posted price"—potentially far more damaging to the US than the embargo—the companies had no economic incentive to restrain the Arab demands. In fact the companies' profits have increased in almost direct proportion with the "posted price." Most remarkable of all is that at the same time the oil companies were allied with the Arabs to defeat the strategic interests of the US, they were harvesting tax subsidies.

Outwitting the Internal Revenue Service is a major preoccupation of the multinational oil companies. Recently the subcommittee got hold of a financial planning document prepared by one of the major companies. The document—in effect a tax "game plan"—shows how, in the words of a staffer who is now at work analyzing it, "the company handles US tax liability and what it does to minimize that liability." This may be a major investigative breakthrough, since the industry's manipulation of transfer prices, loss carry-over, revenue deferral and other accounting devices has been so complicated that few people outside the industry understand how the companies keep their books. But the general public has understood the end result of all the calculations: the bottom line of the oil company tax returns. In 1972, with the standard corporate tax rate at 48 percent of profits, the effective rate for Gulf was 1.2 percent; for Mobil, 1.3 percent; for Texaco, 1.7 percent; for SoCal, 2.5 percent; and for Exxon, 6.5 percent.

These pitiful contributions to the US Treasury are the most obvious area for reform. A drastic solution would be to abolish the present credit for foreign taxes and instead allow only deductions. This proposal has, in fact, been endorsed by the AFL-CIO, to a chorus of denunciation from multinational executives. The executives claim that without credit for foreign tax payments, their companies would have to pay a double tax rate (Bertram Witham, treasurer of IBM, estimates that without a credit IBM's total tax bill would be over 70 percent of revenue) and would thus be unable to compete with foreign corporations. Short of abolishing the tax credit, Sen. Church has proposed a 10 percent minimum tax on foreign source income similar to the minimum tax now in effect for personal income. This would strike hard at the oil companies, and it has failed to generate much congressional support.

The implications of the oil probe—with its emphasis on oversupply rather than shortage—are staggering, and the subcommittee is still debating other possible reforms of the multinational petroleum companies. Two ideas may be endorsed when the staff completes its final report on the hearings: new regulations requiring the companies to get US government approval for contracts negotiated with foreign governments; and new antitrust legislation aimed at breaking up the cartel system of joint production ventures among the major companies. Given the size and power of the companies, such fundamental reforms may be politically unrealistic. Worse, they may be economically meaningless. As a committee assistant notes: "The size and complexity of the industry is such that any remedy will present serious difficulties in implementation. It's not completely clear what we do now. How do you unravel history?"

In its investigation of the role of multinationals in détente, the Church subcommittee deepened its understanding of the power of corporations to adapt to historical trends in diplomacy and shape them to their own purposes. The subcommittee confronted the new pro-Soviet lobby of former anti-Communist businessmen turned open-door free-traders. One of their spokesmen, Donald Kendall, president of Pepsico and chairman of the US/USSR Trade and Economic Council, argued that if Congress spends any more time worrying about the fate of Soviet dissidents, "we are going to end up sitting on the sidelines

COMING: Stanley Karnow reports from Athens on the challenge to Greece

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watching the French and the Germans and British and everyone else take the business." Kendall began his business activity in the Soviet Union at the 1959 Moscow Trade Fair, alongside then Vice President Nixon and Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev. Since then Kendall has continued to expand the market for his product. The latest recruit to the "Pepsi generation" is Soviet Premier Kosygin, who personally approved Pepsico's 10-year contract to market Pepsi in the Soviet Union and distribute Russian vodka in the US.

While hardly ushering in a new era of international relations, the exchange of "Pepski" and vodka is harmless enough. What concerns the Church subcommittee is the delegation to American businessmen of responsibility for trade negotiations with important political and economic ramifications. The Russians don't seem to mind. As Sen. Church noted during the hearings, "American capitalists have special status in the Soviet Union. . . . " But the catastrophic domestic effects of the wheat deal of 1972 show the problems inherent when private companies—interested only in maximum profits—negotiate with Soviet officials who have both economic and political objectives. In his testimony J. Fred Bucy, executive vice president of Texas Instruments, gave an example of what trading with the Soviets may do to the electronics industry. The Soviets badly want the advanced technology used in the manufacture of semiconductors. Currently this technology is controlled by about 100 small semiconductor companies. Bucy described how a small company losing money could make a handsome profit selling the technology to the Soviets. While the company would benefit from the deal, it might cripple the industry, since the Soviets could mass produce semiconductors and flood the world market. Bucy testified that the Soviets are often tougher negotiators than American capitalists, and specialize in the "whipsaw" —by which they play off one company against another to gain maximum concessions. To cope with the "whipsaw" and other potential problems of détente, Sen. Church is considering legislation to expand US ability to regulate export agreements.

The détente debate crystallizes a theme that runs through each of the subcommittee's investigations: the transfer of responsibility for key economic and political decisions from the public sector to the private. As the multinational corporations have moved to exploit business opportunities and coordinate planning across national borders, the Western democracies have failed to keep pace. The volume and complexity of business activity has overwhelmed the regulatory capacity of any single country, including the United States. The reason for this disjunction between an expansive, adaptive private sector and a lethargic, befuddled public sector is fairly obvious. Despite their immense size, the multinationals remain responsible to a small number of managers and directors, and are able to measure their business decisions against one yardstick of economic efficiency: achievement of a satisfactory rate of profit. Democratic governments, on the other hand, are responsible to millions of voters and must balance multiple economic, social and political interests in deciding on policies. As a result the governments are hamstrung, and more and more key decisions are passing by default to the neo-feudal realm of the multinational corporations.

Ultimately regulation of the multinationals will depend on the development of multinational political institutions. But as the Church subcommittee has discovered, there is a lot that can be done while waiting for world government. The most immediate task is to gather information, for the arrogance of the multinationals in large part stems from the fact that they alone understand how their business is transacted—and who pays and who benefits. To gain the information needed for fundamental reform of the corporations, Sen. Church will conduct at least two more years of investigation. There will be a study of international banking, examining the role of multinational corporations in the current monetary instability. There will also be case studies of multinational investment in Brazil and Mexico. Some 300 firms trading in these two countries have already been sent detailed questionnaires. There may also be case studies of the Philippines, Indonesia and Malaysia.

But information alone will not be enough. There is a long list of substantive reforms that would assert badly needed political limits on the swollen power of the corporations. The most important ideas being considered by the subcommittee are: reform of the corporate income tax system; establishment of new regulatory bodies to monitor and control US-based corporations; new antitrust initiatives; new incentives for contractual operations abroad, rather than direct investment; and the creation of public enterprises to compete with and oversee private enterprises. Enactment of any one of these reforms would require a political resolve to discipline business in the public interest that is rarely displayed. But as Church presses forward with his investigation, the possibility of such a confrontation increases.

The lines of battle were drawn early by Emilio G. Collado, executive vice president of Exxon, the world's largest corporation. In an ominous warning to the subcommittee, Collado spoke of the determination of Exxon to block unwanted meddling from the public sector:

> We have not given up by a long shot. We have the international logistics system. Someone may take it away from us, but we have it today. No government oil company has ever found a major oil find. No one in government ever drilled at 3000 feet of water. . . . Maybe someday, the governments will get all the expertise and we will be pushed out. But we have it today.

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Harry and Tonto
(Twentieth Century-Fox)

The Girl from Petrovka
(Universal)

For *Harry and Tonto* we have to invent a new genre—let's call it the geriatric picaresque. Films about old people are rare enough, for obvious reasons: old people don't get into much action of any kind, as a rule, and also as a rule old people themselves prefer to watch young people. Through the decades, of course, a small number of pictures have come along that center on older characters, including two masterpieces, Kurosawa's *Ikiru* and Ozu's *Tokyo Story;* one fine film, De Sica's *Umberto D.;* one first-rate tear-jerker, McCarey's *Make Way for Tomorrow;* and one so-so picture with a magnificent performance, Forbes' *The Whisperers* with Edith Evans. But *Harry and Tonto* is quite unlike all the above.

Realism here is mere accoutrement. The point of the picture is romance—not sexual romance (although a bit of sex manages heroically to raise its head) but the romance of adventure. Paul Mazursky, who directed and who wrote the script with Josh Greenfeld, was not interested in dealing with the facts of growing old in America today. He just wanted to make a sentimental comedy about a man who's been living a settled conventional life and who suddenly decides to hit the road—only instead of being 30 or 35 or 40, the man is 72. It may be a sorry reflection on the film medium that Mazursky's decision was an act of daring, but it *was* daring and he (and his backers) deserve that recognition.

I've not been a great admirer of his up to now. He was co-author of *Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice* and *Alex in Wonderland,* both of which he directed. He was director and sole author of *Blume in Love.* All of these seemed to me "new" American films in the grabbiest sense, frantic to exploit the influence of European films of the '60s without recognizing the origins of self and culture from which those films grew. (*Alex* was particularly pathetic in its abject strain to be like Fellini.) *Harry and Tonto* makes no such effort, either in form or subject. If any sources are to be noted, they are Preston Sturges and Frank Capra *à la* 1974. Mazursky's sole unconventionality here is in his choice of subject. His editing, composition, narrative method are all quite "straight."

A picaresque story, no matter who its hero, depends on its episodic batting average. Some episodes will, almost inevitably, fall flat. The question is, how many? There is no continuous, cumulative story, only a succession of adventures into which the hero enters or falls because of his character. Each episode, it's hoped, brings out some aspect of that character, but the work—film or novel—depends for its interest on the author's ability to top each (relatively) self-contained episode with the next, or at least not to sink.

The Mazursky-Greenfeld script has a good batting average. Some episodes are dullish, like an encounter with an old Western "character" out of Saroyan; some are a bit gloppy like a final scene with an old woman at a California beach; a very few are baldly boring like one in a Las Vegas casino. But a lot of them are entertaining and a few of them are acute. *Harry and Tonto* is a really agreeable fiction, with considerable spirit and an occasional flicker of truth.

Art Carney plays Harry, a retired high school teacher, a widower, who is evicted from his Upper West Side apartment in New York when his beloved apartment house is to be demolished. (There's a visual echo of Sewell Avery's famous eviction-in-a-chair.) He quotes *Lear* a lot, usually inappropriately. Tonto is his cat, whom he walks on a leash and to whom he sings songs of the '30s, asking him whether he can identify the singer. (If that makes you wriggle, I hasten to add that Carney's best quality is his matter-of-factness. He never ladles syrup.)

Harry and cat are taken to live with a son and his family in the suburbs. No go. Harry then wants to visit a daughter in Chicago and after some mishaps with a plane and a bus he ends up driving Tonto and himself in a second-hand car to Chicago, then on to the West. En route there are good sequences with a 15-year-old runaway girl who eventually joins up with Harry's grandson; with an old flame of Harry's, now batty in Indiana; with Harry's daughter, an intelligent "loser" who runs a Chicago book shop; with a high-priced Las Vegas hooker, an Indian medicine man and Harry's second son who is a breaking-down four-flusher in L. A.

The music, by Bill Conti, is wry and dry. The photography by Michael Butler only occasionally resembles a greeting card (the last shot). Mazursky leans a bit heavily on impotence jokes, which seem to be a US specialty. (For years I've thought that many American men can't wait to get old enough to call themselves impotent, so they can just hang around with the boys, which is all they ever really wanted to do.) But generally he has made his film in a neat storyteller's way.

If your Uncle (or nephew) Willie had played Harry, he would get rave reviews; that's what the part was written for. This *is* to take something away from Carney. He does moderately well; avoids the soft edge; is understandable most of the time (not always); plays for understated feeling (as in his memories of his wife); and overall has made the wise choice—with Mazursky, no doubt—to let the part work for him. This was wise: because there isn't very much *to* Carney. (For instance the *Lear* quotations don't sound right in his mouth—not as actor, as ex-teacher.) You have only to think of what, say, Edward G. Robinson or Fredric March could have made of the role to see how

(continued on page 33)

Films Worth Seeing

Chinatown. Roman Polanski psyching up a Hollywood '30s private-eye yarn. With Jack Nicholson and John Huston toe to toe. Above average, though not as far as it thinks.

Going Places. French post-'68 revolutionary energy dribbling off in social outrage. Two light-hearted young men in a non-light-hearted horror show with laughs.

The Parallax View. American political assassinations. Finally irresponsible thriller but very watchable en route.

The Seduction of Mimi. Politics-crime-sex Italian and Sicilian style. Eccentric, sometimes funny, good looking and well acted.

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Reconsideration

The Higher Ground of Alice Walker

Reading Alice Walker is like hearing John Coltrane's *Alabama*. Each bites into strange Southern fruit and finds a sweetness almost as unbearable as the bitterness of violence, humiliation and oppression. As Walker's character Grange Copeland says after his granddaughter's birth: " 'Out of all kinds of shit comes something clean, soft and sweet smellin'.' " Pain and joy, tenderness and power, helplessness and cruelty flow through her writing and are beautiful because of the wholeness of her talent.

Once (Harcourt Brace & World; 1968)
The Third Life of Grange Copeland (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; 1968)
Revolutionary Petunias (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; 1973)
In Love and Trouble (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; 1974)

In Walker's hands wholeness is an all-inclusive, open-ended theme. Pointing beyond human guilt, it suggests that an oppressed people's first step away from helplessness is to take responsibility for their actions toward each other. Asked in a 1973 interview about her "preoccupations," Walker said simply: "I am preoccupied with the spiritual survival, the survival *whole* of my people. But beyond that, I am committed to exploring the oppressions, the insanities, the loyalties, and the triumphs of black women. . . . Next to them, I place the old people—male and female—who persist in their beauty in spite of everything."

In Walker's poems black women mostly survive and, even when one doesn't—like Sammy Lou who, after killing the cracker who murdered her husband, is carried off to the electric chair—her death is heroic. Sammy Lou's last words have to do with her children as well as her flowers: "Don't yall forgit to water my purple petunias."

In Walker's fiction there is often nothing but pain, violence and death for black women. I shouldn't say *nothing* because the two women who die violently in *The Third Life of Grange Copeland* are lovely, strong and in love as they marry and begin working shares on the white man's plantation. We are witness first to Grange and Margaret Copeland. The time is the early '20s, the place the "vast cotton flats of southern Georgia." Unmanned by white rule of the land, Grange looks for manhood on Saturday nights with fat Josie at her club in a neighboring town. Margaret's revenge is to sleep around until she ends up with Shipley, the white owner whose power transformed Grange into "an object, a cipher, something that moved in tense jerks if it moved at all." Confronted with his wife's light brown bastard child, Grange deserts without a word. Maddened, Margaret kills her baby and herself leaving Brownfield, her teenage son by Grange, alone in the world.

Renee

Heading north, young Brownfield stops at Josie's and stays on keeping her and her daughter happy. His life as a man begins when he meets and marries Mem, a beautiful, plump, brown-skin girl. They go off to work shares on Cap'n Davis' plantation. Their labor gets them nothing but aches and pains and debts. Like his father before him, Brownfield feels mocked by his children and by his wife's burgeoning flowers. He takes his two oppressions, that of parents and that of Cap'n Davis, out on his wife. He beats her into a scrawny, haggard old woman of 30. Finally one Christmas Eve after she's struggled home from her domestic's job, he shoots her in the eyes and walks back into the house as his children cling to their mother's dying, bloody body.

So far the novel is the story of two black men, father and son, reacting to oppression by annihilating their women. Brownfield stays a lost soul. What he "could not forgive was that in the drama of their lives his father and mother forgot they were not alone." The novel is also about the transformation that Grange Copeland and his granddaughter, Ruth, work for each other. The love between them comes from the nourishment that flows from past to future generations. Grange gives the child back her past. He teaches her her "untaught history" by teaching her to dance. He also makes clear to her the role of white oppression in her father's terrible cruelty to her mother.

Grange despises white people so thoroughly he can't bear to invite two white civil rights workers onto his porch. At the same time he insists that he, his son and every other black man be responsible and tender to their families no matter how viciously white folks drive them toward cruelty. " 'We guilty, Brownfield, and neither one of us is going to move a step in the right direction until we admit it.' " And: " 'You got to hold tight a place in you where they can't come.' " Skeptical as he is of Martin Luther King's nonviolent tactics, the old man admires King because " 'even with them crackers spitting all over him, he gentle with his wife and childrens.' "

Grange Copeland is Alice Walker's spokesman for full humanity. "Survival was not everything. *He* had survived. But to survive *whole* was what he wanted for Ruth." The novel's climax of Grange killing his son to prevent him from taking custody of Ruth is a terrible tribute to his vision of wholeness. He is willing to turn survival into annihilation—white cops in effect execute him without trial after he kills Brownfield in their court—to give Ruth the chance to flower. He embodies and passes on the black heroic tradition of pain, transformation and action.

The novel ends with Grange Copeland mourning for Ruth and for himself in a beautiful blues that bears witness to the rhythms of birth and death. " 'Oh, you poor thing, you poor thing,' he murmured finally, desolate, but also for the sound of a human voice, bending over to the ground and then rearing back, rocking himself in his own arms to a final sleep." At the last Grange Copeland, having felt fatherhood move him to kill his son to save his granddaughter, becomes a maternal man rocking his own dying self to sleep.

In Love and Trouble is a collection of

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Alice Walker's fiction written between 1967 and 1973. The title expresses the condition of black women in the blues tradition. *In Love and Trouble:* a Southern voice—sensuous and sad, slow and strong. The language conjures images of black women working and suffering and loving while they tell their stories with music.

The stories evoke magnificently diverse lives from the same rural Southern roots. In "The Child Who Favored Daughter," a black father cuts off his daughter's breasts because of her affair with a white boy. Unable to distinguish his daughter from his dead sister, he assaults her with a rage always checked in front of white people who are the cause of his oppression. The horror is bearable only because of Walker's images fusing nature and the girl's inner world and because of the ebb and flow of blues rhythms in the story's voice. In Walker's prose the facts are always stark; the essential quality of sympathy comes partly from reverberations of Jean Toomer and Zora Neale Hurston in her folk voices.

"Everyday Use" is about a woman choosing which of her daughters to give a quilt pieced in the old way by her mother. The older daughter, Dee (now Wangero Leewanika Kemanjo), comes back home with her Muslim man and demands the quilt because *she* understands the black "heritage." Maggie, the other daughter, has stayed south; she's been promised her grandma's quilt for her wedding. She won't fight over the quilt; she loves it and the memories it holds too much. Passionately moved by Maggie's genuine kinship with tradition, her mama declares allegiance. Maggie will get the quilt. Walker ends "Everyday Use" with images and sounds that remind me of McCoy Tyner's earthy, sassy, conspiratorial, black Southern tune, "Goin' Home." "And then the two of us sat there just enjoying, until it was time to go in the house and go to bed." "Just enjoying": there's folk talk that unifies in a moment all the humor, pain and love in the story.

In Love and Trouble is full of other challenging and movingly realized stories. Two root-workers in "The Revenge of Hannah Kemhuff" gain revenge for an old woman by working so shrewdly on the fear and guilt of the white woman who did Hannah wrong that she unwittingly turns a potion's magic against herself until she dies of it. "The Welcome Table" shows us an old, stubborn black woman who, having been lifted bodily out of a white church, has a vision of Jesus high-stepping down the highway with her until she dies of ecstasy and exhaustion. "Strong Horse Tea" is about a "not pretty," "nobody" woman with no husband and a sick baby boy. She waits for the white doctor until the baby is almost dead. When no one comes, she turns to Aunt Sarah, an old black herb doctor. "The child's dying," Aunt Sarah tells her, and the only possible remedy is horse piss while it's still warm and steaming. Rannie Toomer goes out in a thunderstorm, fetches the strong horse tea, puts her mouth to a shoe to keep the medicine from leaking, and runs home not knowing her Baby Snooks is already dead. A piece called "The Flowers" is a metaphor for the complexity of pain and beauty Alice Walker finds in black Southern lives. Myop, a 10-year-old girl, is exploring what seem to her new and beautiful places in the woods from which to gather the flowers she loves. Suddenly she gets her foot caught "in the broken ridge between brow and nose" of a man who has been lynched years ago. She finds the noose: "Frayed, rotted, bleached, and frazzled—barely there—but spinning restlessly in the breeze. Myop laid down her flowers." Innocence and survival are incompatible for blacks in the South, even for children.

We hear Alice Walker's love of tradition in "Women," a poem in honor of the "head-ragged Generals" of her mother's generation:

> *How they knew what we*
> Must *know*
> *Without knowing a page*
> *Of it*
> *Themselves.*

We see tradition in "To Hell With Dying," a story directly out of Walker's childhood. For years its narrator participated in "revivals" of Mr. Sweet, a diabetic, alcoholic old man who periodically seemed on the verge of dying. When he's 90, the girl, now a woman of 24 doing a Ph.D. up north, can't revive him anymore. He dies, but his steel guitar passes to the young woman. As she hums "Sweet Georgia Brown," her kinship with the old man becomes whole in her heart.

Alice Walker's power as a writer is exactly that power she has felt in Jean Toomer. "He is both feminine and masculine in his perceptions." Alice Walker is Ruth, and she is Grange Copeland. She is old Mr. Sweet and the girl who revives him. As I've heard Michael Harper say as he reads his poems and those of the neglected Sterling Brown: "I been down so long that down don't bother me." The *essentials* of Alice Walker's passionate black tradition and talent are contained in the last stanza of "Alice," Harper's poem for her:

> *And for this I say your name: Alice,*
> *my grandmother's name, your name,*
> *conjured in snake-infested field*
> *where Zora Neale welcomed you*
> *home,*
> *and where I speak from now*
> *on higher ground of her risen*
> *black marker where you have written*
> *your name in hers, and in mine.*

John F. Callahan

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Issue of Liberation

Is Cuba Socialist?
by René Dumont

(Viking; $8.95)

Dumont answers the question of his title with a regretful, harsh no. He tells us that this outcome was not fated, for in the revolution's early months "Cuba established the most socialistic regime in existence, with more popular enthusiasm and freedom of expression than anywhere else in the socialist camp." But how could an underdeveloped Caribbean island establish a socialist state overnight in one great flare of fervor? And even if we accept the undigestible notion that Cuba was once socialist and then lost its socialism, what were the dynamics of the failure?

Whatever the intellectual strain involved, the two statements must be held together in reading Dumont's book, for he is simultaneously a political apache and an idealistic innocent. Dumont argues that a polity must be liberationist or it certainly cannot be socialist—an attitude with which I wholeheartedly agree. But he knows or cares little about the structural requirements for the assurance of liberty. Here is the closest he comes to a definition of socialism:

> *The first thing about socialism is that it calls for the reduction of social injustices and the* real participation *of all workers in basic decisions and major policy orientations. This socialism is based not only on the collective ownership of property, but on the truly* democratic management *of the means of production, which thus protects the general interest.*
>
> *To begin with socialism implies the rejection of censorship . . . The socialist regime is voluntaristic, and it can therefore make many errors, often without knowing how to correct them quickly enough. Only unhampered criticism can hasten the acquisition of the knowledge indispensable to increased efficiency. . . .* [Emphasis mine.]

From its first page to its appendix, which brings the American edition of the book to 1972 (the book was first published in France in 1970), Dumont criticizes, always harshly and often sarcastically: Castro runs Cuba as though it is his personal estate. Assistants are afraid to disagree. Nobody listens to the peasants. A new class of *lumpenbourgeoisie* quails under the *comandante en jefe,* praising those above and despising those below. The leaders eat and live luxuriously, and don't know the problems of the poor. The economy has been handed over to the military for its management. "And the evil results of this structure lead him [Castro] to what must be recognized as a military dictatorship." If visitors to Cuba have more favorable impressions, it is usually because they have been taken in by the wining and dining that satisfies the sense of ritual of the leaders of traditional societies. Occasionally admiring sentences are allowed to appear, but they seem counterfeit attempts to be objective.

The appearance of this book, together with K.S. Karol's *Guerrillas in Power,* enraged the Cuban government and partially contributed to the closing of the island to scholarly research by foreigners after 1970. The ire of Cuba's leaders probably contains many elements. They must have felt betrayed by the attacks of persons calling themselves fellow socialists. They must have failed to understand, been impatient with questioning that seemed to come from lost times in Europe, and which did not reflect a sympathetic understanding of the great effectiveness of the US and Latin American embargo, the *realidad* of a country only 60 years removed from being a Spanish colony, the unsophistication and inexperience of the middle groups called on to administer the new order. But I also strongly suspect a less intellectualized and more prosaic reason for their anger. Dumont is snotty. Whether writing of agriculture (his specialty) or of politics (in which Dumont accurately says he is an amateur), his opinions are arch, incautious, overstated and presented as though compounded of incontrovertible, "natural" truth. He constantly moves from the small accuracy to the foolish, insulting and mischievous generalization. Writing of 1972, he starts with an undemonstrated premise containing some truth, and ends making Cuba a social jungle:

> *Since Castro's prestige appears to have become seriously tarnished, oral criticism of Cuba's leadership is becoming widespread, and there is no hesitation about voicing it in public. Thieves are scarcely ever denounced, and a shoe-factory worker is no longer afraid to sell the fruit of her larceny from door to door; she would never have dared to do this before 1970. Now it's every man for himself.*

Cuba is about to fall apart, Dumont suggests. The truth of the matter is that the island is enjoying its first breathing spell since 1959. Consumer goods are beginning to appear in some quantity and variety, quality is improving, waiting lines are shortening and there is a very welcome air of normalization and the expectation of further opening. But it is also true that Cuba's newspapers are dreadful, few persons below the top leadership are politically relativistic and aware of policy alternatives, and provincialism is widespread although not universal. In this mixed scene Dumont sounds like a typical development "expert," utterly convinced of his own correctness, contemptuous of those who disagree with him, and jealous of the "natives" because it is, after all, their own show and they insist on running it. Still I cannot but agree with him in two essential matters: the Cuban government has made many economic mistakes for political reasons, and the only reason decent men might promote socialism is as a social order that liberates minds and extends the ability to control our acts and their effects. Certainly personalism, some opportunism and ignorance have combined with international political pressures to inhibit the growth of Cuban socialism.

What is not true, however, is that Cuba's leaders do not share Dumont's ideals. What they seem to have learned, and Dumont has not, is that Cuba's revolution is, not at all unsurprisingly, not yet a *socialist* revolution. The victory of 1959-1974 is the creation of a *national* state, the precondition for the building of national community from which impersonal politics and truly consensual and voluntaristic group action may flow. This rude and unromantic political reality is entirely misunderstood by Dumont. Thus his naive title is based

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on a misunderstanding of what he was seeing. Thus, too, his misunderstanding of why Castro did not want him to speak of economics, but only of technics. A contemporary economy is a *political* structure, and does not by itself "impose" parametric "restraints and limitations," as Dumont claims. He finds it hard to understand that economic inefficiencies may be the cost of political efficiencies, that his cherished cooperatives may have been antithetical, when he proposed them, to the national melding on which Cuba's survival depended in the immediate past. He does not understand the play of power in international economic markets. Anybody who has recently bought a Coke will smile at Dumont's statement that sugar is a glut on the market, a "surplus product" Cuba would do well to abandon. And European farmers will disagree that Cuba could sell "considerably greater quantities of beef [in Western Europe], if they could be furnished."

But let me not imitate Dumont's carping. Independent minds will soon have an opportunity to check our variant impressions. Most countries of the Americas are preparing to open relations with Cuba. And the Cubans themselves are embarking on the very difficult task of "institutionalizing the Revolution," or of "building socialism" as the leaders significantly say. The first local elections have been held and are being intently evaluated as a possible first step toward nationwide elections. Monetary incentives are now offered, as Dumont always insisted was necessary. Attempts are being made to reintroduce some supply and demand factors into the market, as Dumont wishes. And educational and health services have become sufficiently advanced so that the quality of both can become a serious matter of discussion and planning.

Of course the issue of liberation remains. But Dumont meanly refuses to recognize that the many mistakes of the Cubans must be framed within their great and undeniable nationalist victory. They now have the power to make a real choice between collectivized totalitarianism and personal social liberation. In this key respect Cuba has become like Western Europe and the United States, fully participant in the dilemma of the age.

Kalman H. Silvert

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Future Imperfect

Disaster and the Millennium by Michael Barkun

(Yale University Press; $10)

Not simply a study of the relationship between human calamities and the rise of millenarian movements as the title suggests, this book is an attempt to anatomize the whole phenomenon of millenarianism. The occurrence of disasters, to be sure, plays a critical role: millenarian beliefs, Barkun finds, turn into movements of recurring catastrophe—plague, war and inflation, drought and famine, so that man's physical, emotional and economic underpinnings are knocked out by successive intolerable blows. Only when repeated disasters have coincided with other circumstances is what he calls a "disaster-prone environment" (but what should be called a "millenarian-prone" environment) formed. These disasters have occurred in rural-agrarian settings that are traditionally open to salvationist ideas, to charismatic leadership ready to synthesize visions of a new world out of already-familiar themes, for a predominantly young population.

Because the world is no longer primarily rural and agrarian, one might suppose that millenarianism is dead or dying, but Barkun concludes otherwise. In the 20th century millenarianism, metamorphosed into nazism and communism, has had unparalleled success because modern man has acquired the ability to create his own disasters on a scale unknown to the pre-industrial world. Global wars, depressions, mass expatriations, genocides and revolutions create for entire nations the kind of horrors that "acts of God" brought to villagers in the 15th century. Mass communications have made us all villagers who cannot escape from each other's sufferings. Indeed television more than anything else has made us all feel the symptoms of disaster victims, raising the prospect of even more massive millenarian responses manipulated by leaders able, like the Nazis, to manufacture the disasters that would support them.

Barkun's thesis is an arresting one, but his presentation is flawed in several respects. First of all he casts so wide a net that he is almost certain to catch some pretty strange fish. Millenarianism, while never defined very explicitly, is construed to include such disparate movements as the 15th-century dance of death, Melanesian Cargo Cults, the Jamaican Ras Tafari, the Oneida community of 19th-century New York, the White Ghost Dance of the Sioux Indians and the Taiping Rebellion. Even the Sepoy mutiny of 1857 and Marcus Garvey's Universal Negro Improvement Association at times seem to qualify. Inevitably the concept becomes diluted. For Barkun any radical separatist group seems to become functionally millenarian. Such a universal reach makes careful analysis all but impossible.

His insistence on the agrarian background of historic millenarianism causes him two problems: first, how to explain why some of the best-known movements like Savonarola's Republic of Virtue in Florence and the Fifth Monarchy men in 17th-century London occurred in cities? Why have two of the three great movements of the 20th century occurred in industrialized sectors of modern states? His answers to both problems require him to explain away cities rather than to deny his premise. Fifteenth-century Florence, he concludes, "must have" had a self-image that "made it appear to its inhabitants much more an immense village than a cosmopolitan metropolis." His conclusion is supported, not by evidence from the Florentines, who surely would have said that if there was a single cosmopolitan metropolis in the world it was theirs, but by an analysis of the components of Florentine self-consciousness.

London in the 1640s was by any definition a city—but, Barkun says, the Fifth Monarchy men came mostly out of Cromwell's New Model Army, which "provided an extraordinary concentration of the radical and the disaffected." The fact is that London had been a center for the radical and the disaffected and host for millenarian movements for a century before the New Model Army was created.

The Bolshevik movement, he concedes, was certainly more of an urban than a rural phenomenon—but it was strongest in those areas like large factories or one-industry towns that had a sense of separation from the rest of their communities. And the support of the Nazi party in the 1932 election came much more from small cities than large ones. Would not the problem be simplified by admitting that millenarianism was not, after all, really incompatible with urban surroundings? To do so would in fact strengthen his analysis of what is happening in contemporary society.

The analysis of the self-image of Renaissance Florence is symptomatic of another and more serious difficulty. Barkun does not examine the sources that might, after all, validate his position. The book is heavily documented and carries a truly impressive bibliography, but nowhere is there evidence that the author actually looked directly at the cults about which he is writing. To have done so, especially when the subject is so broadly conceived, would have been an enormously laborious, painstaking task. Millenarian groups in every society have been elusive, secretive and difficult to approach; many have been observed only by hostile witnesses. Nevertheless if one is to generalize about the psychological orientation of millenarian leaders, should not one read their writings, when such writings exist, and examine the descriptions of contemporaries as well as read *The Psychology of Social Movements?* Not to do so makes the study remote, abstract and bloodless, completely separated from real men and real visions. Worse still, one does not know when

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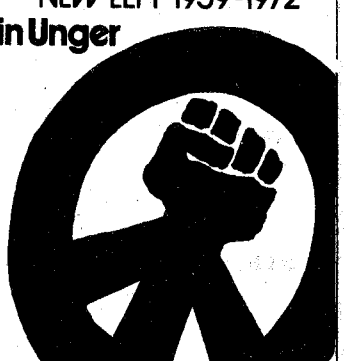

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one's reconstruction loses all relationship with genuine events, which might not have fallen out as the typology would dictate.

Finally, probably as a result of the way he went about his task, Barkun tends to lose contact with his audience as well as his sources. After drawing exclusively from other social scientists, he almost necessarily speaks as they do, and becomes a captive of a language that is so specialized that it bars communication except with an elite brotherhood of scientists. He does not move in a world of bloodshed, terror, illusions and fantasies, a world in which a large audience could follow him with fascination, but a world of "collective stress experiences," of "mazeway re-synthesis" and "referential and condensation symbols," into which most of us do not really wish to go.

Robert W. Kenny

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Recent, Notable Fiction

No Way
by Natalia Ginzburg

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $5.95)

Natalia Ginzburg, in Italy accepted as one of the foremost writers to emerge after the war—one whose work, in fact, is partly engendered by the trauma of war—is hardly a household word here in America. And that is our loss, because Ginzburg's is a unique voice, pure and unmistakable. The contours of her sentences linger in the ear like phrases from great music, familiar, basic truths. Her characters, sad, thwarted, often drab types, are memorable in the manner of people one knew very long ago.

She is the author of some half dozen novels and novellas, several comedies and the autobiographical *Lessico Famigliare*, which won the *Premio Strega* in 1963 and was the only work until now translated and available here (as *Family Sayings*, Dutton, 1967—received politely but without the wonder due it). Then there are two books of remarkable essays, like nothing I know being written in English today: in incredibly simple language, they combine an adolescent ingenuousness with the ripe sagacity of a woman who has endured the isolation of growing up Jewish in Turin, the war, the loss of a loved husband to German persecution, and the aftermath.

Now in *No Way*, Ginzburg addresses herself to the '70s, post postwar Italy. The setting is Rome, the situation a fragmented upper-middle-class family and its friends, stranded, passive people who compulsively write letters to each other like castaways wearily stuffing notes into bottles. Michael, to whom many of the letters are addressed (the title in Italian is *Caro Michele)*, is a 21-year-old revolutionary living a vagabond life in a basement apartment. In his woodburning stove lies a forgotten, rusty machine gun. When he has to flee to England for vague political reasons, Adriana, his mother, Angelica, his sister, Oswald, his friend and perhaps lover, and Mara, an old girlfriend and mother of a baby he may have fathered, relentlessly correspond. The novel, aside from some narrative passages, is their letters; Michael rarely answers.

Jerry Bauer

The letter form works well because the book is about isolation, and these are letters that echo in a void. Adriana's to Michael, especially, are not so much communications as long, introspective and wry analyses of her past, their past and her present. There is no future. Her estranged husband, Michael's father, is dying; he dies. Michael does not return for the funeral even though, as Adriana reminds him, his father was the one who brought him up after the separation. She remembers going to watch him play in the park of the Villa Borghese:

> *At first, when the cook told you it was time to go home, you would set up a howl and throw yourself on the ground but later on you took your scooter and went off with a calm, set expression on your face. I can still see you in your little overcoat walking away quickly and firmly.*

But as Oswald remarks, "Young people today don't remember anything. They have no sense of the past and above all they make no effort to remember." Adriana is alone now: her twin teenaged daughters eat in a local pizzeria and do their homework at a friend's; her lover has married a young "pink little creature." She tells Michael:

> *I have given up asking what you are up to anywhere. I try to visualize your life in one place or another but at the same time I realize that your life does not correspond to my notion of it and so I grow more and more disheartened and my imagination falters attempting to weave its arabesques around you.*

Oswald, a strange, silent man, goes about helping people in small ways, and evenings he visits Adriana. They read Proust or sit silently, bored but content because in their silence they somehow conjure up Michael.

In Mara, Ginzburg has beautifully impaled a new classic type: the not-too-bright young girl who drifts from bed to bed, borrowing money and apartments, telling lies about her past out of a deep despair, looking for fun and finding that "all my life my relationships with people sour after a while." "You know very well that I am not a tart of the upper or lower echelon," she writes to Michael. "You know I am just a girl." And so she is. Just a girl, young and terrified. Mara's most telling act, worth a dozen novels of feminine *anomie*, is waking her friends up each night for the 2:00 am feeding because

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she cannot bear to prepare the baby's formula alone.

All these facts, though, are mere happenings. *Vicenda (Event)* Ginzburg says elsewhere, is a title she once wanted to use for a future novel. In *No Way* the events are the medium, but the tone is the message. As in Proust, whom Ginzburg has translated, the style, by some magic that inheres in the placement of words, is monotonous and enthralling at the same time. The sentences are often stark and telegraphic, yet once in a while a complexity is unraveled with such painstaking clarity that we can feel the character struggling to discover himself. This is where Ginzburg is truly exciting, in giving the genesis, the embryonic growth, and the full flowering of an emotion or idea as if it were a rare and dazzling mutation from the ordinary.

Chekhov, she has said, was one of her early heroes, and she does indeed have Chekhov's mixture of pathos and humor. But both are exaggerated. The humor is present always: even in the midst of pain the characters reveal themselves as the ludicrous fools that mortals are. But despite their foolishness, which comes out in a wealth of unparalleled trivial and delicious detail, they retain the dignity of suffering creatures. They live from day to day by an effort of will; they do what they can and must to survive in a rather grey world that seems to be convalescing from disaster, and they have the odd, hilarious idiosyncrasies of invalids.

The weak spot in the novel however, lies at the center, in Michael. As a revolutionary he is unconvincing. We are given nothing about his ideas, motives, activities. In England he takes odd jobs, marries, leaves his wife after eight days; but none of this has the pungency of reality. Michael is something created in the minds of others, the new generation. All things to all people, he is understood by none. In the final letter he is represented by an old undershirt used as a dust rag. *No Way* is a circle, with Michael as the center and radii flashing inward from the periphery. But while the outer ring glows with life, the center is hollow.

This hollowness is no accident—Ginzburg is too skilled for accidents. She is dealing precisely with the anonymity and general inscrutability of the young. But her consequent dilemma is to create a "mystery" character, a mold into which dreams can be poured like hot wax, yet make him live with the same intensity as those around him. In her other fiction, Ginzburg relies heavily, and successfully, on her ability to make palpable what is unsaid between the lines. In the case of Michael, however, between the lines is emptiness.

The generation gap is too narrow a label for this novel. The gap, alas, is far wider; it stretches ominously between friends, lovers, people and their possessions, their surroundings, their houses. Houses are droll and important in *No Way*. We meet Mara in the process of moving and follow her through five relocations; Michael leaves his basement room for a succession of boarding-houses in England, while his father has bequeathed to him an uninhabitable tower. Adriana cannot get used to her new house, nor incidentally, can she get a telephone installed until the end, when it is too late. It all reminds me of an essay called "The Son of Man," from *Le Piccole Virtù* (1963), where Ginzburg wrote:

> *There has been the war, and people have seen so many houses collapse, and now they no longer feel secure and at ease in their houses as they once did . . . Those who have seen houses collapse know too clearly what feeble goods vases of flowers, paintings, and white walls are. They know too well what a house is made of. A house is made of brick and stone . . . and can collapse from one moment to the next. Behind the serene vases of flowers, behind the teapots, the rugs and the waxed floors, is the other, the true face of the house, the horrible face of the crumbled house.*

Sheila Cudahy's translation is a good one. In a way Ginzburg is easy to translate, because the words and sentence structure are simple, and Italian syntax is surprisingly close to English. But the flat mellow tone like old red wine, Ginzburg's distinctive mark, is not easy to get: this translation, happily, respects and defers to the spirit of the original.

No Way deserves to be read and relished. It should become a part of our permanent memory because it is about the things we cannot afford to ignore: "Human relations," Ginzburg wrote years ago,

> *must be rediscovered and reinvented every day. . . . every encounter with our fellow man is a human action, and therefore always evil or good, truth or lie, charity or offense . . . our adolescent children look at us with eyes of stone: we are hurt, though we know well what this look is, though we remember well having an identical look. We are hurt and we feel sorry for ourselves and we whisper suspicious questions, though we know so well by now how the long chain of human relations unfolds, we know its long, necessary parabola, the whole long road we must travel to have, at last, a bit of compassion.*

Lynne Sharon Schwartz

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Eight Mortal Ladies Possessed by Tennessee Williams

(New Directions; $6, paper $1.95)

In his new collection Tennessee Williams plays with the word "possessed," implying that his ladies are mad because they hope to *own* mysteries of the body. They try to dominate others, but find that they, in turn, are slaves to forces of nature—to mortality itself. We would expect Williams to be completely gloomy and ominous about his heroines' repeated failures, but he has reached a life stage from which he can laugh at their struggles. He embraces the comic muse, recognizing that she is honest, hopeful and oddly loving.

Williams also views his ladies as fabulous beasts, as creatures of myth who get into the strangest circumstances and yet manage to survive with a degree of purity and innocence. He creates a magical kingdom in which anything can happen and usually does, a kingdom which, although distorted and heightened, mirrors our daily world.

"The Inventory at Fontana Bello," the most "extreme" example of Williams' concerns, is one of the best stories in the collection and deserves close study. Williams begins with a sentence putting all of the future miraculous events in perspective: "In the early autumn of her one hundred and second year the Principessa Lisabetta von Hohenzalt-Casalinghi was no longer able to tell light from dark, thunder from a footfall nor the texture of wool from satin." The Principessa is a fabulous creature, belonging nowhere, displaced and odd,

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not easily laughed at; she retains dignity and power.

As the story progresses the Principessa decides to catalogue her possessions, hoping to come to terms with worldly existence. The inventory is sexual as well as financial. In her sleep she feels her late husband's penetration before she presses "her fist down again, not on her nostalgic groin but upon the electric buttons, . . ." which control her servants. By conducting her inventory, she hopes to reassert her economic (and sexual) power.

The story moves briskly. The Principessa orders her servants, sleeps, dreams, travels by boat to Fontana Bella. She is "disoriented"—at her shrine she is attacked by a stork: "A great white female stork, alarmed for the safety of her young ones, flapped down from the roof onto Lisabetta to engage her in combat." The two struggle, the Principessa forces the "stork's beak to penetrate her vagina. It stabbed and stabbed at her uterine passage and still she kept calling out 'Sebastiano' in a loud voice and '*Amore*' in a soft voice." After this crazy act of love, the Principessa sleeps, dreams and dies.

Williams is so adept at mixing magic and comedy that we are shocked at the *spectacle*. And this shock is exactly what he wants us to have. It reawakens our sense of wonder; it stimulates us.

Although Williams achieves a great victory here, he does not always win. When he tries as in the first story, "Happy August the Tenth," to create a reasonably realistic account of "possession," he tends to be less distinctive, almost trite. His two ladies, Horne and Elphinstone, find it difficult to live together. They have different responses, heritages, "madnesses." On this particular day they almost divorce themselves from their shared fate, but they are, like the Principessa, "saved" by the realization that love and suffering go hand in hand. Because Williams is not really interested in their complex characterization, he tends to use them for his special ends, sacrificing them to stylistic devices.

I take it that he is primarily interested in the vision at the story's end. Elphinstone returns to the apartment, discovers that Horne has not left, and then suddenly sees the true nature of love:

> *She crouched before the love seat and gently pressed a cheek to Horne's bony kneecaps and encircled her thin calves with an arm. In this position, not comfortable but comforting, she watched the city's profile creep with understandable reluctance into morning, because my God, yes, Horne's comment did fit those monolithic structures downtown, they truly were a lot of illuminated tombstones in a necropolis.*

Elphinstone whispers "Happy August the Eleventh to Horne's kneecaps in a tone of condolence." She accepts love and pain, the "prick of a needle."

In the other four stories Williams continues to present deformities of flesh and mind, but he refuses to stop with simple pains, puns or wisecracks. He recognizes that his ladies are at their best when they can accept their possessions—*when, indeed, they can repossess them*—and laugh at the spectacle of their lives. Ultimately he shares the vision of one heroine who sees her "curvature of the spine" as the "physical being pointing itself remorsely back toward earth." Yet, she tells herself in strong terms: "in solitude, implements of the trade turned treacherous to you or you to them, cocks crowing thrice before daybreak, detestable as a jailkeeper to the condemned, the whole bit, on you go with it, don't you?" The message is simple but hard-earned. It possesses us as we read this marvelous collection.

Irving Malin

IRVING MALIN *teaches at CCNY. He is co-editor of the forthcoming* The Achievement of William Styron.

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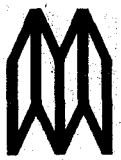

University of Massachusetts Press
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The Sacred and Profane Love Machine by Iris Murdoch

(Viking Press; $8.95)

In Iris Murdoch's newest novel the chemistry of plot flows along very human lines, breaking out of the often too cerebral mechanics of many of her earlier novels. It is the story of the two worlds that make up the life of a psychiatrist, Blaise Gavender, who has managed to keep the life he leads with his wife and adolescent son and the life he leads with a mistress and their illegitimate child separate for nine years. Forced to tell his wife about the affair, the two lives become one—painfully, paradoxically, confusingly. As his friend and confidant, the writer Montague Small, says, "you can't go through the looking glass without cutting yourself." The broken fragments probe beneath the skins of friends and family, and a small circle of people in English suburbia are made to reveal more of themselves than they have ever done before.

Murdoch juggles with doubleness and ambiguity, opposites and complementarity. At the outset the lines seem clearly drawn: Blaise's sacred love is reserved for his wife and son, even while he carries on what has degenerated into a sordid love affair with Emily McHugh. Domesticity exists for him in a sphere of familial affection and enduring ties, in the proprieties and assumptions of a comfortable middle-class world. Later Blaise realizes that Emily is his fate, that their love is "absolute metaphysical justification."

Montague Small, too, has only squalid and cruel memories of his flirtatious dead wife. But the more he tries to profane her memory, the more sacred her meaning becomes to his past and present. Blaise is torn both physically and emotionally between two women; Monty is tossed from tenderness to

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despair and back just thinking about a dead one. The ambivalence and inconclusiveness that mark their actions creates an atmosphere of dizzying emotional complexities.

Murdoch is dealing with chance in the lives of some very believable people, rather than fabricating a framework of highly wrought coincidence for a cast of characters. Although the story still moves in the mold of a play, a little psycho-drama, it has a plot rooted in reality. Only toward the end does the playwright's pen turn slightly purple and her "interest in the human being at the point of crisis" run amok. For the sake of expediency, she cooks up an unlikely death scene for Blaise's wife Harriet.

But Harriet's downfall may not be far from poetic justice; burdened with a surfeit of love she distributes it randomly (and destructively) to those around her. The delicate balance between the sacred and the profane is imperiled, the fine thread of doubleness threatens to snap and tangle into a spontaneous kind of mess, something that spells disaster to a Murdoch story.

The sense of duality in this book is heightened by the vivid and terrifying dream lives of its characters. For every person there is a fantastic Freudian dream or nightmare, an unconscious so dangerous that to Montague Small it represents a struggle against mounting insanity. But in his attempts to escape the contrast between dream and reality he makes "the waking world less real, not the sleeping world more so." Harriet insists on meeting Emily and getting to know her, in order to make sure that she really exists and is not "just a dream."

These people are not a brave lot when it comes to facing the reality of the surreal. They cling to a very solid, almost materialistic world and ascribe great significance to an assortment of objects. Houses take on a symbolic role. Identities are made of flimsy stuff, hidden behind a variety of "masks" that cover for the most part, great fears and falsities. Murdoch is masterful at ripping the masks off her characters, at revealing the true nature of what goes on behind a facade that is ever so British, ever so complacent and proper.

She also disinters a shared sense of fear from the depth of the psyche, exposing the static, staid qualities of English middle-class life for what she believes it really is: pure, unadulterated horror of oneself and others, of the outside world and any internal one, of a life wasted and of existential failure. Terror can destroy the seeming tranquility, mediocrity and level-headedness of simple suburban existence. Violence when it surfaces is lethal, both literally, as in many of Murdoch's earlier novels, and psychologically, as it is here. We live and learn through violence and insecurity, Murdoch seems to be saying to us.

Iris Murdoch does not write novels about many different people, nor does she marshall a varied group of personalities. What she does is to show that people, however frequently and closely they associate with one another, are strangers until they fall in—or out—of love. In the past she often failed because she imposed an artificial design on human interactions instead of presenting a story based in experience, not experimentations. In *The Sacred and Profane Love Machine* she has been able to make her way into that realm of feeling and sensitivity that is vital to the art of the novel.

Celia Betsky

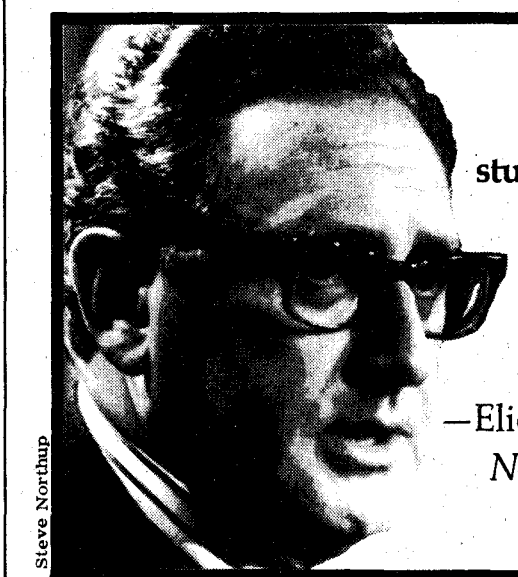
CELIA BETSKY *is a free-lance writer and graduate student in American studies at Yale University.*

The Radetzky March by Joseph Roth

(Overlook Press; $8.95)

In this century little German fiction has been welcomed across the Rhine. Apart from Mann and Kafka, it is hard to think of any German novelists of major international impact. The American reputation of Hesse, guru of undergraduates, will probably be gone with the next shift of wind on our campuses. Under the circumstances it is extraordinary that a mere footnote in German literary history, one Joseph Roth, should suddenly rise up in 1932 with a novel like *The Radetzky March*. The book was well reviewed in this country on its appearance in 1934 and Roth seems to have enjoyed a substantial reputation both here and abroad. But he had the misfortune to die a few years later without having been officially canonized; the literary tides closed over him completely for a full generation.

Roth emerged from oblivion in Germany in the '60s, in the United States just now with the reissue of *The Radetzky March*, the book most admirers of


Steve Northup

"This is the major study and biography, and will probably remain so until Mr. Kissinger writes his own."
—Eliot Fremont-Smith, *New York* Magazine

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Roth consider his masterpiece. Set in the twilight of the Austro-Hungarian empire, this may be the only novel ever written that successfully records the death throes of that famous historical behemoth. Roth, a Galician who fought with distinction under Franz Joseph in World War I, knew the empire well. Against the background of its slow, stately decline, he chronicles three generations of an Austrian peasant family, the Trottas. The patriarch and prime mover of the Trottas is a simple infantry lieutenant who saves the life of his emperor at the Battle of Solferino and is rewarded by a baronetcy. The title and its accompanying pension are passed on by the first Trotta (now von Trotta) to his son, who continues serving his sovereign as a district commissioner, while raising a son, Carl Joseph, who becomes a career officer in the emperor's army. It is he who stands at the center of the story, well meaning but craven, a hopeless dissipate who brings disgrace on himself and tragedy to those around him. His casual philandering indirectly causes the death of one of his mistresses and later of his only friend; his gambling debts erode his finances and bankrupt his father. Though he talks vaguely of leaving the service, for which he is totally unfit except in his aptitude for classic soldierly vices, he lacks the willpower. His death on the battlefields of World War I, undistinguished and indistinguishable from thousands of others, is no surprise to him—or us. His father and the emperor, the two men he has sought to serve in loyal vassalage, survive him by a few years and then pass on within three days of one another. So end the Trottas, the Hapsburgs and the Austro-Hungarian empire.

Readers familiar with—and put off by—the Teutonic qualities outlined earlier, will find Roth's novel a happy anomaly. It succeeds first and foremost as a simple exercise in felt life. The Trottas are flesh and blood, not romantic exaggerations or, as with Hesse, a set of well dressed philosophical premises. Roth fills out his cast with a vibrant collection of secondary players drawn from every social strata: a bandmaster, an aging coquette, a regimental surgeon, assorted traders, peasants and courtesans. The rendering of Franz Joseph, who appears virtually in tableaux, isolated by age and rank from the flow of events, is superb. Roth's view is at once sympathetic and detached, ironic and loyal, historical and personal.

Looking outward, Roth gives us the advantage of his detailed, first-hand experience in worlds that have long since vanished. There are authoritative battle scenes from another era, and even the quiet recollection of Carl Joseph's barracks room has a fine-grained authenticity.

Unlike the novelists with whom he has been classed—minor regionalists and journalistic lightweights like Feuchtwanger—Roth has the technique and style of a major writer. Rarely dropping a stitch, he carefully weaves together the destiny of the Trottas and the emperor and both with the empire itself. The hardy and self-sufficient Trotta who saves the young emperor's life is convincingly representative of the healthier days of the empire, while the flaccid Carl Joseph and his enfeebled sovereign are equated with the tottering monarchy. Other symbols abound—the marsh that the officers on the frontier struggle against, the twin portraits of the first Trotta and the youthful emperor, and of course the omnipresent "Radetzky March," with its "throbbing intoxication" to which all of Austria marches off to death. The symbols are expertly arranged in the climactic scene, a decadent military party at the home of a Polish count. It is the final blast of doomed merriment before the fateful news from Sarajevo that signals the apocalypse.

Roth's prose is always equal to the diverse effects he demands of it—nicely modulated irony, lyrical flights, hard, concrete descriptive passages. Of the backward-looking Count Zschoch he writes: "The big, pale, foolish-looking eyes, which seemed to mirror things their owner happened to observe years ago and seldom those which were in front of him, now expressed the arrogance of the Zschoch line, an arrogance of the fifteenth century." When Carl Joseph is under seige on the couch of his former mistress Roth tells us, "She looked like the dangerous commandant of all these cushions." More effulgently, with an elegiac undercurrent, he sums up ethnic divisions that helped split the empire: "For him [Franz Joseph] the great golden sun of the Hapsburgs was setting—shattered against the primeval basis of the universe into sunballs which, as isolated stars, would be set to shine on independent nations." Credit must go to the 1934 Geoffrey Dunlop translation, updated (and improved) in the present version by Eva Tucker.

Roth died in Paris in 1939, but he left behind 13 novels and other miscellaneous writings. It is obvious that a whole-

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sale revival of his work is under way in Europe, but the Overlook Press must be warmly thanked for importing it to this country. They have plans to republish four other Roth novels. On the strength of this one, the reader is inclined to say, the more the better.

Robert Moss

ROBERT MOSS *teaches English at Rutgers University, Camden, and has contributed to* The New York Times *and other publications.*

Prize Stories 1974: The O. Henry Awards edited by William Abrahams

(Doubleday; $6.95)

I look forward to reading this collection of stories each year because each ensuing volume makes me believe that the short story has survived another 12 months. Perhaps the story will not become an archaic literary form: this is the gist of William Abrahams' lively introductions each year, though he bemoans the numerous other problems that continue to contribute to the shrinking market for short fiction: the disappearance of magazines, the triumph of the new journalism, etc. On the other hand if the short story is not dead or dying, one has to admit that it ought not to be too difficult to come up with the 17 or so short stories that appear in this collection each year. The market can shrink further before this anthology will have to cease publication.

What impresses me about the 1974 collection is its variety. I have always suspected, that because of the eclectic nature of each one of these volumes, if others were asked to pick the stories for each yearly collection, the results would be rather dissimilar. (Surprisingly Martha Foley's most recent volume, *The Best American Short Stories, 1973*, which might be regarded as competition to Abrahams, contains five of the same stories from the 1973 and 1974 Abrahams volumes, suggesting some critical consensus.

In the introduction to this year's volume Abrahams writes, "what is most remarkable about the contemporary American story is its unselfconscious variety, in subject matter and tech-

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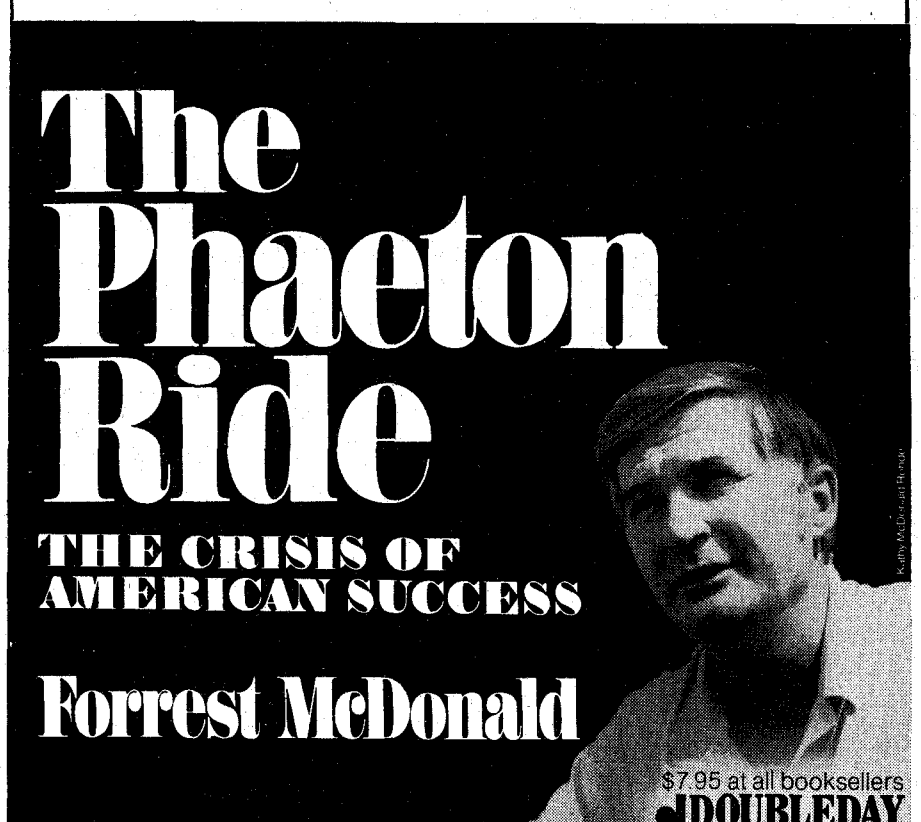

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nique. . . ." Nowhere is this more apparent than in the three prizewinning stories. The first prize winner, "Brownstone," by Renata Adler, is a virtually plotless series of vignettes, recording life in New York City today, especially its frustrations and unpredictable horrors. (One particular irony here is that Miss Adler is a kind of new journalist herself, and I suspect some readers might say that "Brownstone" is not a short story at all.) Robert Henson's "Lizzie Borden in the PM" (the second-prize story) couldn't be further removed from "Brownstone"—except for the element of terror that both share. What is particularly rewarding here is Henson's vivid sense of time and place, his ability to shape fiction from historical persons and events. Alice Adams' "Alternatives," the third-prize story, shifts back again to the contemporary scene—a *with it* group of parents and children. Of the remaining 14 stories, William Eastlake's "The Death of Sun" is especially interesting—a madcap cowboys and Indians tale, circa 1973.

Some facts concerning this volume are revealing: over the past few years more stories have generally come from the little magazines than the "big" ones. Of the 17 stories in *Prize Stories 1974*, 12 are from the little magazines and five from the more widely circulated ones—including two each from *The Atlantic*, *The New Yorker*, and *The Massachusetts Review*. Thirteen stories are by men, four by women who have fared better in previous collections. (Absent this year is Joyce Carol Oates, who has had 11 stories chosen for the O. Henry annuals since 1963.) Eight of the 17 stories were written by academics; five are *about* academics. More than half of the contributors have published novels, though this year there are few names that would be familiar to readers who stick to the bestseller lists.

A fair number of new magazines are among those he consulted, hopefully indicating a renaissance in little-magazine publishing. Another encouraging sign of change is the number of short story collections nominated for this year's National Book Awards—four out of 12 fiction nominations. We can be especially thankful for Abrahams' determination to fight what all too often must seem to him a losing battle.

Charles R. Larson

CHARLES R. LARSON *is the author of* The Emergence of African Fiction *(Indiana University Press).*

Fine Print

Summer books, Farm Boy, fiction

Doris Grumbach

During the summer, the short stories of John L'Heureux appeared (**Family Affairs**, Doubleday; $6.95) to precisely the kind of general non-notice that such collections usually achieve. So I call this book to your attention, because of the unusual craft of L'Heureux's work and the uncommon amount of sensitivity, feeling, acutely accurate observation that results from his craft. When I first encountered him years ago he was a Jesuit and a poet. This new volume draws upon his religious experiences, his new (to me) achievement in narrative prose (I remember being not so impressed with his novel, *Tight White Collar;* I suspect short fiction is his metier), the material of his Boston years (as an editor of *Atlantic*), his departure from his Order, his often remarkable ability to make his characters agonizingly real. Whether he is writing about nuns, priests, ex-priests, an old plumber on his unhappy way to a home, a murderous cat, a sculptor in junk, an airless country in which members of a mad, violent, loveless family live and die, his qualities remain impressive. He can fix a situation to the page with a few sentences and then expand it, explore it, bring it to an inevitable conclusion—often by the use of a fine moment of epiphany—without striking a single false note. I liked most of these nine stories, and I can think of few serious readers who will not agree.

The University of Utah Press, Salt Lake City, this summer issued **Conversations with Frederick Manfred** ($5 paper). Manfred is the author of 20 books of fiction, most of them about the West or Middle West, about cowboys, mountain men, farm boys, small-town shopkeepers, Indians, bigger-than-life heroes. He began his career by writing under his family's Frisian name, Feike Feikema, changed it in 1951, is himself Bunyanesque, six feet nine, bearded, and perpetually angry at the long neglect or mistreatment (he feels) by Eastern critics of his work. He tells John R. Milton, who conversed with him to make this book, that they (the critics) "meet in their little cocktail parties and they all know each other, and they all run back and forth like schools of sharks. First they eat up the people at one end of the ocean and then they come and eat up the people at the other end. You never quite know where that school of sharks is heading next."

Wallace Stegner, writing the foreword to this intriguing series of conversations, tells us what he thinks of Manfred's work. It is a kindly, judicious evaluation of a writer who has been in print since 1944 without achieving a wide circle of readers or much critical acclaim. Says Stegner of him:

> *He seems to me a gigantic and gifted primitive, intelligent, vastly eccentric, pretty much self-educated . . . a shade too provincial . . . independent as a hog on ice . . . He boils with imaginative vigor and a mighty gusto . . . and he trusts his Old Lizard more than I would trust mine . . . reality is too small for him . . . he is not a writer in the usual sense. He is a natural force, related to hurricanes, deluges, volcanic eruptions . . .*

These are scraps from Stegner's fine summary of the novels of a vigorous storyteller, for whom the English language "and at least some of its conventions of literature are too small."

Arnold John Dyson

Stegner's reference to the Old Lizard (*see cut*) is to Manfred's use of the image for "The Old Man who runs us;" for inspiration, uncontrolled invention, the god in the writer, whatever. This collection of Manfred's talk about himself and his writing has the virtue of pushing even a shark to reading *Lord Grizzly* (1954), his first novel *The Golden Bowl* (1944), his trilogy *Wanderlust* (1962) and to watching for his "soon to appear" *Milk of Wolves.*

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More from MacDowell: After a day's work at the colony (*TNR*, Aug. 31, 1974) I would try to read the published work of my fellows in residence. I read Nancy Hallinan's impressive first novel, *Rough Winds of May* (1955) which I found in the colony's library; Eve Merriam's *Growing Up Female in America* (Doubleday), a good collection of writing by American women largely unknown to me; Ruth Whitman's excellent and most recent book of poems, *The Passion of Lizzie Borden* (October House); John Oliver Killens' funny novel, *Cotillion* (Pocket Books); and Jerre Mangione's autobiography, **Mount Olympia.**

Mount Olympia has had a curious publishing history. It first appeared, with illustrations by Peggy Bacon, in 1943, published by Houghton Mifflin. Then it was republished three times by three different publishers. In 30 years it has had four editions, the last one by Crown last year ($5.95, $1.95 paper). Mangione is a Sicilian-American who was born and grew up near Syracuse, New York, a community to which he gave the book's title-name, and which, he says, is now called by the name of his book. His large—now it would be called extended—Italian family was eccentric, loving and lovable, interesting, irreligious (on the whole), picturesque. The reader comes away from the young boy's memories with a sense of what it must have been to belong, to be surrounded by a warm family, at a time when ethnic concentricity was necessary, valuable and sustaining. It is easy to understand why this book has been read so continuously, is still being read. We are in a time when its values are being somewhat artificially revived in extended communal forms.

A new book in the same vein of familial warmth and solid human connection with place is Archie Lieberman's **Farm Boy** (Abrams; $18.50), a large, handsome tribute to the beauties of land and the continuity of farm life near Galena, Illinois. An urban dweller forgets about rural Americans, pictured here in a series of photographs of the Hammer family in the middle years of the 20th century, who choose to live hard-working but rewarding lives in closely knit families, raising their children by example in their own image because the rewards of independence and peace are very great.

Archie Lieberman went to the Hammers' farm for the first time in 1954 to photograph for a magazine their young daughter Janet who had won a Singer sewing contest. He was so taken with the family and its way of life that he returned repeatedly over the years to take more pictures of them, of then-young Bill, Jr. who had proudly apprenticed himself to his father, and then of third-generation Jim, now growing up proudly in *his* father's image. The narrative portion of the book is direct oral history, wryly humorous, self-deprecating, unsentimental responses to Lieberman's questions by all the members of the family. What Mangione found among his Sicilian relatives, beguiling warmth, the Hammers find in their barns, fields, sitting rooms and kitchens, in their house which has been their family's for 110 years. This is (I hesitate to write the word but am forced to by truth) a *heart-warming* book which, in good pictures and eloquent text, persuades me of how satisfying life can be in this country, and by contrast, how tragic that it is not so for so many.

A communication about her recent reading in fiction from RB: If one has an hour's leisure, it could be harmlessly spent in reading **Satan's Back Yard,** by Sam J. Slate (Doubleday; $6.95), a slender narrative recapitulating the annexation of Florida by the United States. Historical events and characters revolve blandly around its hero, priggish Jonathan Ames, a West Point graduate, who serves as a spy for President Monroe in a so-called liberation army that plotted to wrest the sunshine state from Spain. When this failed, the land of oranges and crocodiles was purchased in 1819 by the United States for five million dollars.

History does not burnish the even, platitudinous pace of this chronicle. However Slate has researched enough of the customs, conflicts, politics, dress, food, transportation and other elements of the era to add some piquancy to Ames' amorous and military career. At the end of a single year, he has succeeded in losing his virginity, gained an illegitimate son and 1000 acres of Florida shoreline. Not a bad pace for a Connecticut Yankee bewitched by Southern charm and duplicity. Believable? Nonsense!

The Murders of Richard III by Elizabeth Peters (Dodd, Mead; $6.95) is a pleasant, recondite, slyly amusing mystery. Its main thrust is not the murder that nearly occurs, but the role play assumed by some historians and many romantics of the past, based on their belief that Richard III was *not* the evil assassin of his two young nephews, rightful heirs to the throne of England, which Shakespeare and Sir Thomas More depicted, but actually a generous, loving uncle who was treacherously slain by Henry VII at the Battle of Bosworth in the 15th century to establish the ambitious Tudor line in English regency.

Mrs. Peters has researched her material carefully and rearranged the implausible into the likely. Her cast consists of a Ricardian Society, mainly eccentrics, dedicated to the absolution of its beloved monarch. Selected members, headed by wealthy, odd Sir Richard Weldon, assemble for a weekend in his mansion to replay medieval history so literally that the king's innocence will become apparent to the world. Each character portrays one of the persons who surrounded Richard III to the length of masquerading dress and speech. The vast estate is transformed into a baronial reconstruction suitable to the fanatic charade.

Jacqueline Kirby, a librarian, and Thomas Carter, a college professor, are two of the participants and eventual sleuths who unmask the villain responsible for an ensuing series of "practical jokes" that recreate the famous 15th century crimes. They are a middle-aged couple delightfully in love and wittily aware of each others' frailties. Their dialogue, observations and experiences will please aficionados of the "literary" mystery. Mrs. Peters has, in this latest work, sustained her well-earned superior reputation.

Error: If Paterson, NJ has a famous citizen (see the blurb for Reed Whittemore, *TNR*, Sept. 7, 1974), it is not William Carlos Williams but Allen Ginsberg. Williams lived in nearby Rutherford, although he spent much time in Paterson and made it famous in his poetry.

Kauffmann, *from page 20*

skimpy Carney really is. But it's so well constructed that he gets by nicely, with nice salty prosiness.

Joshua Mostel, as a reappearing grandson, is very pleasant, but it's hard to believe that Mostel, with his winning Jewish face and homely New York Jewish inflections, is Carney's grandson, sleeping in a room with a crucifix on the wall. Ellen Burstyn does well as the hard-luck daughter. Geraldine Fitzgerald does nothing as the batty old flame but she doesn't need to do any-

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thing: it's another part that plays itself. Larry Hagman is perfect as the smooth bankrupt son.

If you look down the line below it, *Harry and Tonto* is far out of the ordinary. If you look above, it's not so much. But it's been a long lean summer.

I saw a man's naked behind. I heard the word "bullshit." I saw an unwed pair, naked, in bed together. Not so unusual these days? But all this happened—and more—in a picture at the *Radio City Music Hall*!!! And some people still say, "The more things change. . . ."

The best thing about *The Girl from Petrovka* is Hal Holbrook's performance as an American correspondent in Moscow. After years of—I assume—trying to shake the Mark Twain image that first brought him success, he has finally arrived at some weight and authenticity of his own. He has always been intelligent; now he has some presence. He gives this flim-flam film whatever legitimacy it has.

Well, he is substantially helped by the English actor, Anthony Hopkins, as a Russian friend—rueful and humane. Hopkins has genuine charm.

The story is one of those doomed love-affair jobs, and the script tries to steer a hip course that certifies the horrors of Soviet life without seeming arrantly red-baiting. The girl is a sort of Soviet Holly Golightly, which is no country to be one in. She ends up with a five-year sentence for parasitism. Like *Harry and Tonto*, this film was meant to be a vehicle. But Goldie Hawn, who plays The Girl, is much less substantial than Art Carney. She is a cartoon performer, as she showed on *Laugh-In* and in *The Sugarland Express*. She can just about slip past with her superficial work by moving around a lot in long and medium shots; but when the camera closes in to "get" her, she has nothing to give. Most of the time she looks like Bugs Bunny, bewigged and bewildered. She makes the script seem thinner than it is—no, just as thin as it is.

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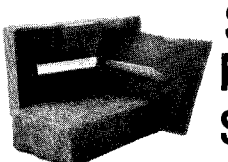

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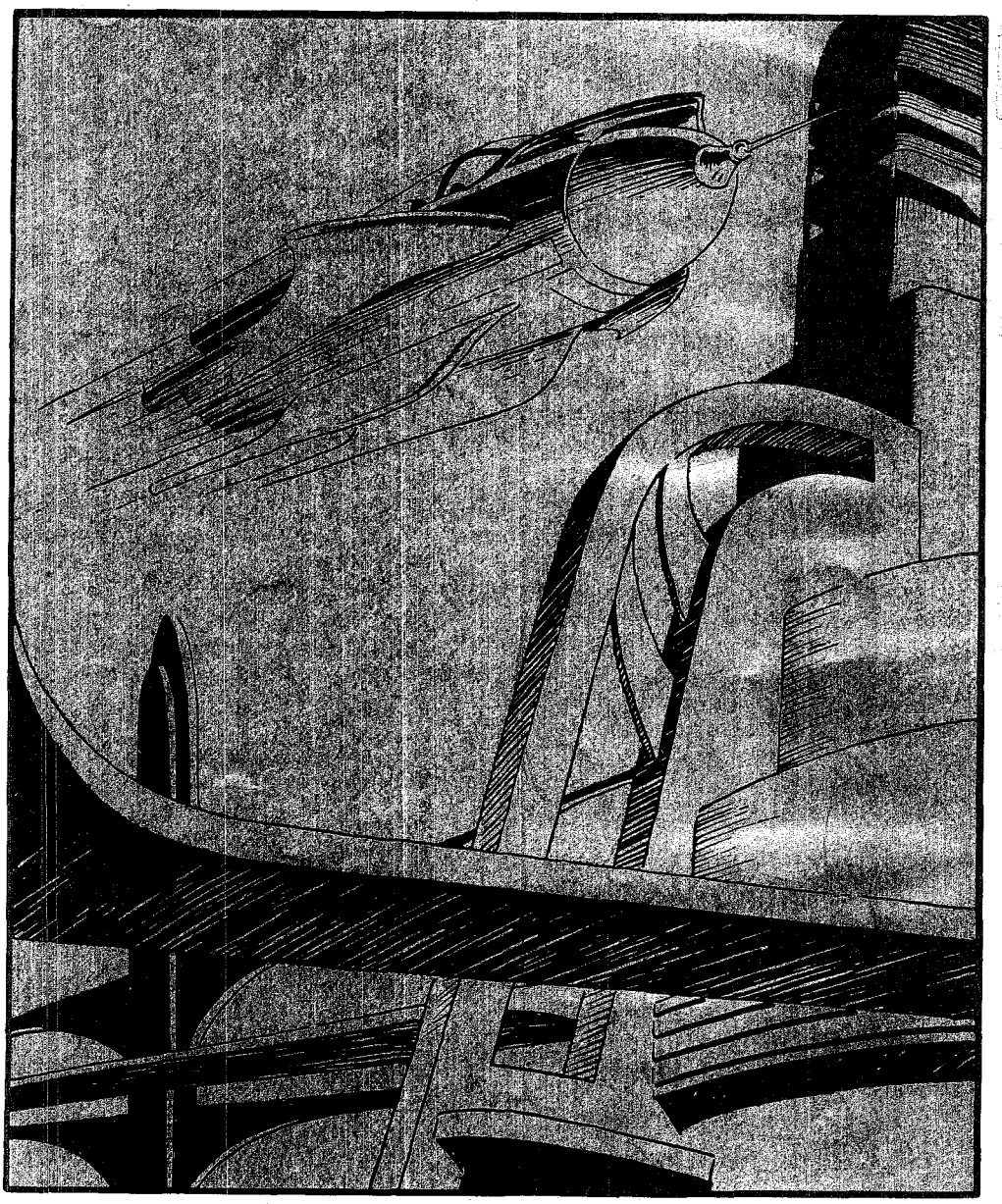

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